

# **GRN PODCASTS MUSINGS**

2022  
PART A

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IN STARTING A NEW TWENTY  
TWENTY TWO writing project, I can see,  
how so many of the ideas which surfaced  
in the previous work, of twenty twenty,  
may have had collective origins... as  
common features, of the morphogenic

topography. But, as 'blood is thicker than water,' you'll find how, ones work is delved, mainly, from within ones own family tree. This is my main belief, on this, since, the will to write, or create in any positive manner will always flow from within the artist or writer. Here, now, is a puzzle. How can I use the latest keys, and understandings, to stay abreast of current developments... and keep my head out of the proverbial oven? And, which is superior... the canine, with his muscular brawn and powerful legs, or the feline, who is much more cunning, and adept at short sprints? At any rate, I write these little

notes to myself, so that I will remember the challenges, faced at this time... and not forget from whence I have come. At any rate, I write, also, to get ahead of the times... as these ideas, too, are coming before the starting bell. But, since I've already closed the previous book, these can form the starting, of the next. In hopes, of making some good sense to someone, I'll try to 'keep it simple,' and refrain from using any ambiguity. I feel I can trust, these commonplace ideas, and ideals, on the whole... as, by writing the 'unspoken vernacular,' I'll be speaking clearly, and reaching the inner heart. At any rate, to

generate some ideas, I have often pictured the visual image of tossing a deck of cards in the air, and letting them fall haphazardly across the table top. This can stimulate a kind of 'thought jazz,' which, like the phraseology of a musician, allows similar, or pertinent musical ideas, to be connected together, into a linear flowing. This kind of percolating, and fermenting of thought can be most useful. I know, these visual images... I'm very familiar with their rhythms, and associations, and in writing using these as themes, a flowing, and direction can materialize, and come to life, before your

eyes... like a stream of spring water,  
bounding down a vale, or glen... sure of  
itself, and destined to reach the pond. At  
any rate, I sit and write. We here upon  
Earth are given so many good days and  
nights, and just so many choices... between  
right and wrong, maybe the best advice,  
I've found is to 'walk like spirit walks,'  
rather than like the flesh. This is such  
good advice. So, and maybe you'll  
remember this, the next time you're  
presented with an occasion of fulfilling  
sensual desire, without any lasting virtue,  
or healthy quality... you'll remember, 'Walk  
as spirit, not as that which is but mere

flesh.' And, I think that our Lords main mission, was as a kind of chief herald... as the Gifts of His birth, definitely offered and promised, a higher, more advanced way of life, in the future of tomorrow. The inventions, of so much of what we today call house hold technologies... were, I think, gifts, and advances, for the amplifying, and usage of the subtle orr and previously unseen spectrum of the electromagnetic universe, to communicate over great distance, and power our existences, in the form of electric current. These were also accompanied somewhat sooner by the printing press, with movable

type, which was an all new way of reproducing books... as well, as the science of optics, and the focusing, and amplifying of the visible light spectrum, which allowed for development of both microscopes, and telescopes. This handful of advances, appeared to come into view, mainly within the same time frame, as His glorious birth, and ministry... death burial and resurrection, symbolically setting our western humankind above the animals, and uniting our peoples, in 'saving the souls, of Man.' Other inventions, in the form of binary record keeping, and information management technology, and those medias,

have led the way, during this time period,  
which also saw those of our own, setting  
foot upon our planets Moon. At any rate,  
our peoples have pioneered, and used many  
tools, in banishing the darkness of  
ignorance, and chaos, in the natural world,  
and in doing so, have distinguished  
ourselves from those in lower station...  
those which simply don't develop or  
implement tools... of any kind, much less  
information or media technologies, such as  
computers, or the inter net. *At any rate,*  
*probably the most important skill, or*  
*ability, which I retain from my high school*  
*education, is keyboarding... typing ability.*



I really had some visionary teachers, at my school... one, in particular, used the free hour, of a daily study hall class, to impart this typing ability... the school had procured the type writers, and the text books, with the exercises... and we were tasked, each day, with, say, doing exercise one through five. This, involved typing sequences of key strokes, in memorizing the locations of the alphabet keys... and in building up speed, and accuracy. We were timed, and if you finished your exercise in the time allowed, you had so many words per minute. We turned in our work, at the end of each class, and she kept track of

everyone's progress. I was inputting text, at eighty or ninety words per minute, by courses end. *I never forgot this ability.*

Well, I hope you can see, how skills can be imparted unto young minds... **I may think,**

**that I could easily impart a skill, to a group of youngsters, but teaching isn't easy.** You've got to maintain both respect, and trust... and someone with a history of substance abuse, or mental illness, couldn't very well do that. So, you see, I'm sitting

here, and mulling over ideas, for a new book... *but this typing ability, is somewhat pre requisite... someone took the time with me.* The nice thing, is how, teachers get

paid, to impart lessons to kids... but, correspondingly, I had older mentors, during this period, who recognized my mind as 'willing to learn,' and so kept me in reading good contemporary books, from popular authors... this gave us shared interests... myself, having read my mentors favorite books, we then had common ideas, in many ways, and had long conversations, upon every topic under the sun. Reading good books, as the teenager I was, my mind came to be full, and overflowing with ideas, and associations, which became complicated, and entangled, enormously, when my opie ate usage, came to the

attention, of my elders. I think, my eventual introduction unto, and subsequent usage, of marijuana, was, (you might be surprised to hear me say,) a mostly positive development... as this filled me in, as to unequivocal, direct inner experience... having experienced, first hand, the powers of this inner realm, (*dreams of flight, or great experience of, and connection unto the magic of light... an intense, and visceral connection unto, and experience of music, and just about everything sensual,*)

I, by age twenty two, or three, vowed within myself, to locate the sources, of these effects... and, getting myself clean,

and just taking life on its simplest terms,  
was my strategy. I said, "*I will find the  
light, or I shall die trying!*" And, then, it  
wasn't long... six months of clean living,  
later... and I was shown... allowed in, so to  
speak, unto the inner conversation, *and  
then in an insular manner... five years of  
this kind of living...* and, then, I was shown  
the lattice work of spiritual presences,  
around all life, and matter, **and eventual  
individuation, and integration, unfolded  
thence forth... and I became the man I  
am today.** And now, the finery, and  
advanced thinking, of the previous book  
has been eclipsed; A new book is in its

primacy!

*Somewhat later, it's around six thirty in the evening, and our temperature outside is around forty two degrees, and cloudy.*

Our usual lives and times are so stressful...

I think it's just our nations place, in this world... as leaders, in so many ways... from week to week, we may never even see the time, to 'stop and smell the roses.' But, usually, there will be one day, a week, (payday, or Friday...) when everyone gets to 'talk with the angel,' and enjoy the 'blessings of liberty.' *But, here's what I think... For myself, fairness has to be seen to. This is mostly seen, in the ways we*

*seem to 'take turns.'* If I am in a group living arrangement, *I will have to be reasonably sure, that everyone else has had a 'day in the sun,' and, then, I'll have a turn to shine, and give back, from my better half... I'll have a turn, for myself.*

And, this will only be, maybe, one day out of ten. You see, most people you meet daily, are not, really on the path of 'self realization.' No, dreams, for most of these people, will be a sort of distant, teasing beckoning... only, 'something in the television..., *a conversation happening distantly, in the background.* Daily socializing, and work is the only outlet.

When these 'media' dreams are never pursued... (this reading, of the classics...) and if a person settles for the mundane world... for only the 'given...' *it probably means, that the person is already in contentment, and bliss... and such contentment, pretty much precludes, future growth, and expansion... and, this, in general, rules out the promise, of a new literature, given unto the world. 'Keeping the population simple, and in contentment,'* it might could be said, is one of the Buddhist ideals... **as, how can a nation be strong, and successful, if every one is going inward, upon the 'trans**



**personal odyssey,' in the quest, and pursuit, of spiritual individuation?** That would be lunacy. *So, instead, people are encouraged, to find work, and be a productive cog, within the 'pre established' framework... to 'learn a trade,' or avocation, and work hard five days a week.* But, in many ways, the society we are in, and are seeing... *presently, is a 'post industrial,' world, where most manual tasks, are accomplished by automated robots... and where, there is more time, for the individual.* Children, here, are often taught to be individualistic, and to 'do something different,' from everyone else.

*And, this is generally thought good. But,*  
*in my family, for instance, I was*  
*encouraged, but, around my age fifteen,*  
*upon getting my learners permit, I was sat*  
*down, and told, 'I would have to earn my*  
*own spending money...' and, pretty much*  
*from then on, I had to work a job... college*  
*didn't really work out for myself, at the*  
*time, so I quit, and got a job. So, you can*  
*understand... I think, our youth, should be*  
*taught, primarily, to earn their money, and*  
*especially, never to expect hand outs. We*  
**should work as long as we are physically,**  
**and mentally able, to do so. This belief,**  
**is really central, to my place in this world.**

But, maybe, while computers are such amazing tools, for creativity... it may be true, that, introduction unto the internet, should be delayed, *until the youth, is old enough to really make his or her own decisions... around age twenty one.* This makes the most sense, to me. Because, when the inner spiritual being ness, of childhood, becomes so compromised, and pressured, from without, as to dissolve the boundaries, of the developing human mind, consciousness then becomes open to all of the darkness, which happens to be present near by... and irreversible changes, unto personality, and character, can occur. I

think, this process, should be gradual, and delayed... *and at somewhat later time, in life... when he or she has time, to just sit, and be.* But, when the inter net is introduced, too young... and instantaneous, world wide publishing becomes common, in the life, then, this 'dissolving of boundaries,' is exacerbated, and brought on... and any pathos, what soever, in the young life... *addictions, habits, obsessive compulsive disorders, of any kind, primarily... this becomes greatly magnified, in the life, of the person... he or she may not survive, gracefully... or even at all.* You see, the youth should have already

acquired, or be near unto, the having of a  
'full fledged,' and 'grown up' expressive  
capability, in a chosen or given craft, or  
practice. This can mean, being the worlds  
best disk jockey... It can manifest, within  
clay sculpting, or pottery... it can be a  
painting style, on canvas... or wood  
carving. This can really be anything, in my  
book... which can be sold in the 'trade day,'  
or shown in the 'craft fair.' Or presented in  
an online gallery; *This, too, is one of the  
more accessible pathways, there is, as such  
may not require traveling, or monetary  
expenditure. This can also include  
photography, journal ing, or writing... or*

*recording your self playing an instrument,  
and producing such into an audio visual  
project of any kind... such may be like what  
I've done here, with these audio texts, or  
written text files, or video. But, having this  
grown up ability, provides sense of identity,  
especially when the youth finds  
accomplishments he or she can be really  
proud of. Well, just some thoughts. All for  
now, Greg.*

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As I sit down, to write a few thoughts, this  
morning, I'm thinking of how strange

altered states get sometimes... and I'm remembering, *of how 'this world keeps on turning,'* no matter how my thoughts might get... no matter what... for instance, to me, the sky just fell, and I just can't see the way

forward... but, the mental health care worker doesn't care... he's just seeing to his job. No matter how bad, my migraine gets... and the cineritious matter really has a hold... no matter this is the case... *this good old world keeps developing, building, expanding, advancing... children are being born, even right now... who will take all the lessons of growing up which I myself did....* They aren't thinking of me, or

you... they're just growing, and hungrily  
learning everything about the world, they  
can.... regardless, sometimes, of the risk, or  
the sacrifices, of those who've gone before!

*And many of these youth will carry myself,*

*through the eventual final passages of  
life... as home managers, administrative  
workers, psychiatric doctors... senators...*

*congressional aides... and will continue  
making things work, and function  
normally... and life goes on... and on. You*

see, peoples' inner experiences... are such,

that the 'fantasy prone,' individuals are  
sometimes subject, unto the ways of life...

and find themselves developing false



beliefs, like paranoid delusions... *and then tend to make mistakes... assumptions, and presumptions, based on these delusions...* that any healthy person, can see are very unwise. One person, alone, might get very sick, indeed. *But, there will be the other nine hundred and ninety nine, which do their appointed job...* and which do exactly what they're supposed to do. This, to me, is the secret, as to the question, of 'How does the world keep going, and keep products in the stores, and health care workers in the hospitals, and civil servants, patrolling the streets?' *In a just society, as ours is, things will go just as intended, and*

*machines, will be well maintained, and so will keep on working... as employees have all been paid, and are well rested, and ready to start a new day.* At any rate, just some thoughts, passing through my mind, this morning. We've just yesterday come through our New Year celebrations, and festivities... and are now along, into this January... and I'm spending this chilly, rainy Saturday morning, jotting down a few ideas... as time is passing along. Gratitude, is my attitude, and I just wouldn't wish to let these thoughts 'pass me by,' this morning. I have been writing, now, in a concerted manner, for twenty six years...

except for a three year period, from twenty  
seventeen, unto twenty twenty. This  
brainstorming, and illumining, of the  
higher spiritual thinking, from the inner  
conversation, as one can find it... is a gift,  
which comes from a special medium is tic  
relationship, with one or more familiars...  
*in other words, a 'working relationship....'*

*not anything to be squandered, or care  
lessly wheel did. I myself struggle, almost  
every day, with an tendency, towards a kind  
of ex e gen see, which creates a kind of  
hyper abundance, of thought expressions,  
in and around my language centers... and  
this can be so hard to deal with. So, and*

this alone, is reason and solution unto the question, 'Why does one keep up a practice, like playing a musical instrument, or writing, or painting...?' to wit, ordinary inner consciousness becomes so tumultuous, and stormy,.. one's inner quietude, given up, for this kind of excess of thought, or *ex e gen see*. This is always very discouraging, but you can see, how, when this sort of phenomena comes up, *there's just nothing which can calm, this chaos, any better than manually focusing ones thoughts, and putting any subtle impressions, of the encompassing time, onto lasting media, like a note book page,*

*a word processor, or a musical recording...*

*and attaining with the now.* You see, the howling wends, are just always trying to claim my life... to draw me away, into the encompassing shadow lands... away from sanity, and clarity. With this sort of wend, of excessive thinking, constantly trying to claim, my life, and suck, me into empty space... a person practically has to write, or record, or paint, or sketch... there's no other recourse... and life showed me in my youth, how, when it comes to higher abilities, such as literary accomplishment, or playing an instrument, the saying, *When you have to, you will!*' is of fore most significance. So

that's accomplished, as I sit at attentiveness, and pursue these thoughts, in real time, into this word processor.

Without this typing ability, things would progress much slower, and more pain fully. At any rate, I hope the reader can see,

how, we're often given unto an art, or practice, as the default recourse, unto our distracted thinking... and this, of course, speaks to the eternal question, '*To be, or not to be,*' You see it's better to be, on the existential plane, writing, and sorting your thoughts out, will be appropriate... *mostly,*

*if you remember, to question your assumptions, and see every posit, and*

*supposition, from every angle... and critically... if this critical thinking is shown unto ones own work, by his or her paranoid faculty, then, he or she will spot potential problems. Failure of ones paranoid critiques, amounts to failure, in your art. Well, anyway, I'll wrap this writing up, and add it with the others. All for now, Greg*

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As I sit down, this morning, I'm impressed, as I consider how important is the concept of '*innocence*,' within our society. *An very*

*advanced society, doesn't stand a chance, if it's given up, or relinquished, its claim to 'innocence,' in the scheme of things. Upon the personal level, an individual, also must inhabit a place of, and have strong self concepts based upon, and around, the idea of innocence. As I can clearly see, in this present, innocence is just critical, to have, to insure success of a venture, or development... this special quality, is a power, too, which infuses the best ambrosia, of Heaven... and which gives such, nearly un limited reach, in the affairs of men. But, one can easily see, through the example, of a strong writing ability...*



many, are there, who have lost sight, of this special quality, and who have declined, out of good standing, in pursuing a craft, such as writing... or music... or, through pride, or arrogance, have been side lined... *while there are also many, who have been ruined, by becoming ensnared, in the corrupting power, of great wealth, which requires shrewd discernment, to manage successfully...* just, to think, of all those, whom have been deceived, and who have been lost. *It has even been said, that 'Money is the root of all evil!'* **But, isn't there a hope, in a 'return to innocence?'**

I guess, this is why, our society elevates

and uplifts, those who can cling to, or who exude this special quality... these are generally placed on high, and serve as the models, for any positive social change...

whether, it's as an image of purity, and gentleness, going ahead, of an individuals life transformation, and so to speak carrying the torch, *or the image, and vision, for change, within an entire society, as in the civil rights leaders, or human rights icons, which become revered, and there after stand for liberty, and self respect;* innocence is required, throughout.

At any rate, these are just some ideas, which have floated through my mind, this

morning. *I tend to make note, of ideas, which impress me, or which appear to be catalytic, or which have importance, or transformative power...* seeing both the positive, and the negative attributes, of the present, is something notable, to be sure, *and that's the way it is.* At any rate, we're nearly a week along into January, now, and I'm trying to make sense, of the time presently. *The paths of naturalism, or the imaging upon media, of nature, are no small undertaking.* No matter how diligent, and faith full is the photographer, *nature, for all of her simplicity, will never fit completely within a picture frame.* We may

think, we know how to survive, out of doors, in the elements... *but how shall we survive, when a significant portion of our habitable land mass becomes submerged, beneath seawater... or ones' home is at the bottom of a thousand feet of glacial ice?*

You see, adaptation will be come necessary... *as nature, herself, survives only through adapting to her own harsh environmental factors.* Any, and all human engagements, or events... *finding agreement, between any two people...* these things, are dependent upon, and hinge upon, the cooperation of the natural elements... it might be, that harsh nature, is

at the root, of any and all human sickness...  
*pathology, of any kind, usually is thought  
of as originating, from an infestation, of  
corrupt nature.* So, now you see, why the  
importance, of an innocent spirit, *born of  
self respect, and contentment,* is at the  
heart of all good... because, nature, aside  
from her mothering, nurturing qualities,  
tends to be more like a very mean, very  
wicked, and very deceptive old man... the  
bravest, and the strongest, will express  
disbelief, at how their good will has  
become corrupt, by the foul nature... at  
odds, within the man. *And, can't we see,  
how our carnivorous nature, in our diets,*

*can set nature against our children...*  
*maybe we should have been vegetarian...*  
*maybe there would be less mental illness,*  
*then.* But, there are also those, who can't,  
or won't make the connection! At any rate,  
all for now, Greg

~

As I sit down, to write, this afternoon, I'm  
again reminded, of how our world, of  
cognition, and sensory information, can be  
thought of as a kind of three, or maybe four  
tiered construct. Our existences, are built,

I think, up from the soul patterns, between two or more families... that's right; I think

that all being ness, originates on the spiritual plane, as associated intelligence, sharing interests, like natural resources, upon this habitable planet, Earth. *These spiritual beings, will be situated, within families, and related territories.* The

Earth, and the Spirit, are paired... **as Above, so Below.** The spiritual presences, within and around, the human, and natural lives, will be inhabiting lands, which have animal, mineral and vegetable resources, contained. The planets axial tilt, and spinning, moves both the northern

hemisphere, and the southern hemisphere, through the four seasons, of our Earth year, respective to the planets' tilt, toward, or away from the sun. The sexual pairing of male, and female flesh, and attendant spiritual being ness, produces offspring, through out the year, *and given, as it is, unto the respective families, whom share the respective territories... I believe the spirit, and the Earth, we have here, are paired... the life, tending towards, any habitable planet, with suitable climates, and habitats.* So, you can see, from this writing, how I tend to place the spiritual intelligence, at the top, of the hierarchy,



and the animal and human flesh, somewhat below. I think, you can have poor, or non intelligent flesh, just as you can have spiritual intelligence, which is imbalanced, (bad patterns,) but, the flesh, I think, is much more given, unto only the lands, and habitats, into which it is given, or born... *I think, that the spiritual plane, is much more of an 'No Boundaries,' type of premise...* in other words, spiritual presences, are more or less omniscient, and omni present, where as flesh beings, will be more land locked. *(But, even a spirit presence, won't go where his or her presence isn't welcome.)* Flesh beings,

though, will have to transcend the sin and ego traps, of the five senses... *and, flesh beings will have to contend, with emotion.*

**The Buddhists teach how a kind of calm, placid detached way of seeing things in life is completely necessary, to maintain transcendence, from emotion.** Emotions, have to be seen past, or over. Sometimes they can be of such detriment, that the Buddhists place them in with the lower world, of fleshly sensations, and distracting sigh kick pain. Emotions, such as pride, or arrogance, kill people every day. Do you think, that you could rise above, when strong emotions make it feel like every

fiber of your being wants to 'get revenge,'  
or 'get back,' at someone, for, say, diss  
respect, shown toward your work, or your  
philanthropy, for instance. Will you be  
able to sublimate, or substitute, or subdue,  
those strong emotions, into a behavior,  
which isn't detrimental, or forbidden...  
more like playing a musical instrument, or  
painting... these are free expressions,  
protected by our Constitution, and Bill of  
Rights. **I myself, have good days, like I  
have bad days.** And some days, are just  
more emotional... and these emotions, must  
be navigated through. But, once you  
recognize, *'I seem to be getting angry,*

*today,* 'you'll then be able to channel those lower phenomena, into something more constructive, like writing, or playing an instrument, and recording. The goal, in my view, of any progressive art form, is in general, a 'return to innocence,' *so, to think of these wretched, foul emotions as being obstacles, and stumbling blocks, to clarity, and honesty... you can see, is illuminating.* With anger, or arrogance present... where, then is innocence? I tend, most often, to 'take my own best lessons,' so you can just see, how a one making claims unto some abstract or philosophical place of 'innocence,' can then just expect, to be

buffeted by the uglier emotions, if only to see which wins... the pride, and arrogance, or the innocence. Just, once you figure this game out, you'll be more willing to work your thoughts out, upon the external media... you might even, 'trick the trickster,' but if he only promises more trouble, you'll know, then he's on to some kind of problem... hopefully, though, 'He's not your problem,' more likely, a troubling weather pattern, which is causing concern... as storms happen, every day, somewhere.

**We just read, this week, of how science says it now can predict certain natural phenomena, such as Tsunamis, by the**

**give away electro magnetic fields!** *The thing is, we're not sure, whether or not, this was 'fake news,' just trying to 'confirm me in a delusion...', or is the science, now, seriously pointing to a natural disaster, like a tsunami, in the future? Could, then those scientists, tell me just where, this will take place?* But, for now, I'm just puzzling, over a crazy caper, or shen nan again. *(I've been doing this a lot, lately.)* Maybe, I'm just getting old. Don't know. Well, all for now. Greg

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I think, that the secret, to gaining control, over the migraines, which plague me, came when I saw my soul, as having an upper astral body, and a lower astral body, (as seen from the inside...) with right and left hemispheres. *There seems to be a pair of nerves, or boundary lines, which run the length of my torso, and, which are 'mutually oppose able.'* In other words, in imagination, the right, over laps the left, and the left can be made to over lap the right... and alternating, in this fashion... and, this is the secret. Migraines quickly dissolve, by visualizing this crossing pair... right and left... at the solar plexus, just

below the naval. *This node, seems to signify the full vantage over the heights, and the depths, of consciousness...* and the power over migraines. This visceral, sense of over lap, of neural fabric, to me, symbolizes cachet, and keys into, deeper, more full self awareness... *as the gut, itself, (the solar plexus,) is comprised, of a lot of over lapping passageways, and muscular sphincters, which, we might imagine, we have some conscious control over.* Perhaps, this subtle neuro muscular control can help to move my daily migraines down from my head, and dissolve them, as one might digest, and



metabolize food. And, as the Holy Cross, is one of the symbols of Christianity, I feel that these thoughts of this, overlap, and this dual meaning, gets at my own interpretation, of this symbol. *Seeing this, these past two or three years, has strengthened my fortitude, and helped to banish my fears and insecurities.* At any rate, just some thoughts, this evening. When one wishes to get thoughts flowing, upon a morning like this one, I sit before my word processor keyboard, and just see what thoughts arise. There are so very many, many things to see, and do in this twenty first century world... staying

informed, upon just what is happening, in this world... *there are so many times, when I'm grateful, that I live in a free country... where simple words, like these won't face government or police censoring, and where my creative spirit, can roam near, and far.*

But, as for myself, I wouldn't trade my cozy bedroom, for the French Riviera, or even the Sunset Strip. *As, my own 'running around,' so to speak, was more than twenty years ago, I today have just about the values of a shut in senior.* Sitting on this bed, typing these words into this word processor, is about all the excitement, I need today. But, I might sit outside, when

it's warmer, and look at the sun rising, over the south eastern horizon. I can spend an entire morning, in the spring, sitting outside, and playing my jukebox... this is, kind of, the height of experience, in this life, of mine. *I 'rent, in the country...' this, is the secret to my happiness, and contentment.* I would wish the same for anyone. Well, all for now, Greg.

I was looking at the weekly news website, for my state, which is in the south eastern part of my land... I noticed something that really bothered me... I noticed, how from

week to week, there seems to be a lot more people, messing up, and getting in trouble with the law... than there are canines, which mess up, and bite... *in fact, there's just no comparison.* I think, there are just too many addicted people, and that is something, that canine culture, just doesn't have. So, there's your answer... simple as that. *Alcohol and tobacco, for starters, are plagues of the spirit, which animal culture just doesn't have.* And then there's caffeine... which most people enjoy... as a harmless treat. But canines, won't have any part of it... because, its addictive. God looks out for them... Does God look out for

people, as well? Yes, but I can see...

people have way more temptations... *in fact, ordinary life, to myself, seems to be a constant fight, between powers of good, and the powers of evil... especially as important artwork, or music, is being created... the Devil's highly resistive, to poor people, who try to change their place in society!* Well, at any rate, just a few ideas, this cold, sun shiney morning in January. Just when I think I've got the esoteric puzzle worked out... I'll be amazed, at how quickly my mind bogs down. More than anything, I think our culture has a deficit in tolerance. My own

hyper critical mind, is sometimes harder on others, than it is myself... *when, my own behavior may be just as mind less.* When intolerance enters into a situation, people tend to quickly forget their behavioral norms, and good manners. At any rate, you should be able to see, that my own path, artistically, is quite surrealist... my paranoid self critiques, being an important part, of my creative process. The problem comes up, when ones' grown up, well developed artistic worldview gets challenged... it gets ingrown! *Right then and there, concentration gets divided... and clear headed thinking becomes impossible.*

So, you can use your imagination... I myself should be more worried about my own Eternal soul, than other peoples... because, people will be people... I only have one I'm responsible for- myself! At any rate. You can see some of my thoughts, today.

*Later, after lunch...*

The temperature outside, seems to be colder than it was this morning... just another one of those winter afternoons... when I can tell... it's only going to get colder, and then, the dead chill of night! If you had forgotten, what winter here is

typically like, then now you remember. Anyways, this past Saturday, marked the full deployment of the new space telescope... our space agency, partnered mainly with the European, and Canadian space agencies, to make this happen. **This isn't a refracting telescope... but a much powerful reflecting telescope.** While, much calibration work remains to be done, on the mirrors, and sensors... the main part of the deployment configuration, is complete. This telescope replaces the Hubble, and will operate at much colder temperatures, out past the Moon. This cold temperature station, will allow for much



more sensitive ultra violet cameras, and detectors, to perform observations, that the Hubble couldn't... giving us a far more detailed picture, of the early universe.

Having this all come through, really, proportionally, is a much bigger achievement, much more complex, scientifically, than the Apollo Moon landings. We could have easily have sent people to the Moon, again... but having such a highly sensitive instrument out past the Moon, as the new space telescope is, is much more advantageous... and will be for a decade, or more to come. Finally, a science instrument, like we always knew it

could be. Well, that's my two cents of praise for everyone connected to the space program. We'll always be a nation that cares greatly about being science leaders... I only am a fanatic... *but not far from here, just to the west, is an important constellation of aero space industries... I think that most of the engineering, for our National Aeronautics and Space Agency, takes place in and around there.* Well, all for now, Have a good week. Greg

~

Who is given a copy of all of the keys to

past reflection... and whom, upon the air,  
visits each soul, and mirrors, and  
ministrates? *The disk jockey!* Well, you  
can see, then how I believe. There's  
definitely an inner truth, unto just all of the  
times of our lives... of how, each person  
will have a guardian angel... whose sole  
concern, is that persons' welfare, and well  
being... such angel, offers encouragement,  
and affirmation... as only a trusted familiar,  
could do... *we try... sometimes, we win...  
sometimes we don't...* but, each individual  
person, *will be trying*, to make the best of  
what he or she has been left with, *since the  
devil has played his cards...* I myself, try to

fit in, and play a positive role... maybe, our  
higher powers, will agree... maybe the  
time, will produce good fruit... maybe not...  
but each day, we try. Sometimes emotion,  
and negativity gets the best of me... but  
sometimes, my smile is more abundant. At  
any rate, you can see some of my ideas. As  
I sit, here awaiting the faintest nuance, of  
motivation, into this keyboard, this frosty  
mid January morning... I'm enjoying the  
light playing of the jukebox, on my tablet  
computer, and feeling the gratitude, which  
thoughts of my writing and music  
pathways, always bring. Maybe, I'll find  
the secret... the hidden essence, which can

be developed into an article, which completes my chapter. At any rate, comparing qualities, of examples of music, for instance... is just such a subjective thing... in the evening, I might strongly dislike, a piece of music... but by the morning, I might would choose that piece, over others. We're often biased, against specific types of music. *But at the same time, we're also spiritualists, and so everything is subjective.* The artist him or her self, might experience paranoid self criticism, through another's apparent disagreement, with his song, or painting. *His symptoms, might manifest, or express*

*themselves, through his readers' biases.*

This is something to deal with, indeed.

People, just have to try to avoid hang ups,

and persistent negative critical thinking,

which can be symptomatic of mental

illness... such is just as important, to avoid,

as is the tendency to criticize a lower

station... or to let subconscious personality

issues ruin a relationship. *But, at any rate,*

*spiritualism tends to warp our ordinary*

*life, and consciousness, into contorted*

*involutions... my question, is how can we*

*take, this inward self criticism, and*

*somehow harness it, and employ it,*

*creatively?* Isn't this what is pointed unto,

as being like unto Nature's own work,  
Alchemy? *Well, here I find myself, situated  
in front of my word processor screen... and  
awaiting insight, or inspiration.* As 'piano  
reveries,' will, by now, be what I am mostly

known for... my latest musical project's  
title, includes this term. As I had  
described, in the previous book, of  
myself... these 'childhood reveries,'  
typified, my main behavioral attribute, as a  
youth. My Godly parents, had seen this, in  
me, at an early age, and so I was  
encouraged, toward the expressive arts.

You see, I had brought some of the  
heavenly ambrosia, across into life with

me, at my birth. *So, seeing this, my*  
*parents were able to work with my gifts.* At  
any rate, these are my thoughts, upon this.  
To know, of that which is just beneath the  
level of conscious awareness, in ones life...  
you can just try situating your self in front  
of a word processor screen, or notebook.  
While thoughts, might not be immediately  
forthcoming... *with many, many tries and*  
*attempts, at the goal, of successful writing,*  
*one will eventually find results.* I, myself,  
spent nearly my entire child hood, simply  
longing, and wishing for an art of my  
own... as all of my efforts, seemed small,  
and un enlightened, to myself. *But, around*



*age twenty seven, for myself, I began liking what I was getting.* This is why I try to tell others, in writing, if your desire, is to write, and be artistic, onto lasting media... then, by all means, try and put forth effort, at every opportunity. *With many, many tries and attempts, at the goal, of successful writing, you'll in time, find results, and coax thought forth.* And, remember, this might not be just five years, passage of time... *but more like, ten years, passage of time.* The aspiring writer, will tend to pick a point, in the world time stream, and enter, there upon. Only his or her spirit, will possess the wisdom of

knowing when to begin, with the full fledged art... the mortal wits, alone, aren't sufficient. *But, remember, an early set back, can be expected.* For myself, my initiation into music publishing, was just ahead, of a difficult time, in our land, and so my feelings were quite damaged, in the process. I set myself up. I later came to understand, how my sinful nature, at that time, was so easily pegged... *I simply was shown, as it were, the wages of sin. If the time period, had been better, I might would have escaped from self injury.* At any rate, this morning, I am dealing with migraines, felt in the space just outside, and around

my head, and mainly at the right rear quadrant. I've come to understand, how this kind of migraine, typically means, the weather, has or will become bad, somewhere, or nearby... and, as our area is expecting slushy icy precipitation, later on, tonight, that's very possible. See? Just some thoughts, this chilly and drizzly Saturday, in mid late January. All for now,

Greg

~

How, in the midst of ones' sensory information, and cognitive faculties, does

one perceive his or her own self? *My self, is the only thing I can't see!* Especially, when ones' own 'self,' is a kind of 'third eye,' interpolated, and tucked away, at the center of ones cranium, *this will tend to be the part of yourself, which you most take for granted.* I lived nearly fifty years of my life, ignoring the fact that this inner nucleus, or 'third eye,' was nearly always in pain... *a pain which was neatly hidden away, from the eyes of others, yet which dominated every area of my life.* See, this... how, my purpose, and reason for doing art, music, writing, or video, *is to take the rude, mean, rough nature, and*

*make good, insightful literary sense out of it... sensible writing. If your 'priorities,' are in order, you should be able to do this... easily. But mean rudeness, this isn't easy to understand. It divides, the mind... and tends to make thinking, impossible. **If you can't even think, then how can you talk, or associate normally?** But, the good thing is, that this distracted condition is only temporary... as one re collects his or her thoughts, life resumes normally. At any rate, you can easily see the difficulties, this can create. Some times, it becomes so difficult, to smooth out, and neutralize this rough nature... such that, ones writing*

comes to a complete stand still, and the writer experiences a kind of writers block. When this comes up, you usually just have to solve the wording issues, present within the writing which you have started with. *Most likely, you started out kind of rudely, or wrongly, and by working out the quirks and difficulties of your beginning... by 'working back from your primacy...' you'll find your writers block evaporating, and good, insightful thinking begins again. As I sit to write some thoughts, this morning, I'm thinking of how grateful I am, in my heart, to have successfully solved my own puzzles. The people resting around me, this*

morning, can't much know, the toil of vexation, which some times gathers around my self, like an envelopment of self doubt, and un know ing... and I'm glad, to finally be re emerging from this worry. At any rate, we just came through, what will probably be our worst winter weather, this year... the slushy snow, was about the worst we got, as our temperatures hovered around freezing. But, that storm system, has moved on to the north east, and is now creating a big mess for them. If you want to know what children think about, just take a peek inside our home. Herein, you'll find plenty child like ways, but also, a

fortitude, and re zeal yancey, which has weathered many many inner and outer storms. At any rate, solving the daily puzzles, which I am met with, is no simple task... as these capers and shen nanna gans get pretty bizarre, sometimes. The spatio spiritual mind sphere, is often the home of difficult illusions... this Maya, or illusion, seems, some days to be intent upon karmic self displacement, (my own self, in particular.) I can tell, my day is a little bit fraught with disagreement... *perhaps, the time this is, simply requires peaceful, considerate working out, and resolving... it only seems troubled, because its trying to*



*teach us to negotiate, and solve our differences.* See? Well, even this writing presently, seems hard to hammer out... maybe, in life, I'm just meant to solve puzzles... as a primary function! *Can't people just rest?* But, at any rate, just some thoughts. I'll finish this piece up, and get ready for a bite to eat. All for now,

Greg

~

THERE'S NO MORE TIME HONORED  
THEATER TRADITION, than that of a  
youthful genius, which observes, and

follows the ways of an rural, country  
peoples' traditional style... while speaking  
unto universal, human concerns. *This  
comprises the Jesus story, for instance...  
who entered Earth culture, through a virgin  
birth... from some place, which was  
obviously higher... his words reflected His  
Heavenly origins.* Upon the youth, of our  
world is placed the immense task, of  
continuing our species... of meeting the  
challenges, of living here... and beyond.

When a youth can set contemporary  
stylistic trends entirely aside, and get in  
step with classical, universal patterns, and  
traditions, well, this to me is the secret, and

gateway, into higher artistic excellence.

*This is how My treya Christ's words were received... at the time, they were so*

*revolutionary, that he was put to death...*

*But, in time, their great significance was*

*seen.* A person might not have new

classical artwork on hand, in the immediate

sense, but just through starting out, with

the intention of staying in the traditional

templates, you can easily set into motion

very eternal, classic flow ings. *If you don't*

*just start somewhere, you'll never have any*

*results, whatsoever.* So, just attune, with

higher patterns, in a classic sense, and go

from there. *The power only begins, as you*

*set in motion a flowing, over time.*

Our planet, Earth, has a habitable biosphere... where life, such as our own, can thrive, largely unprotected... we don't need bulky, expensive space suits to walk around here, because Earth's blanket of oxygen, nitrogen, and water vapor... layered up, upon the surface of our planet, as it is... has just the right amount of atmospheric pressure, and our nearest star, the Sun, provides warmth, in turn first to one side of the planet, next the other... as the planet is spinning upon its axis, as it is revolving slowly around the Sun. *All of these*

*factors, are conducive unto life like ours living here... any much change, at all, though, and our living conditions would change... we would have to adapt.* When we travel, through inter planetary space... even if we remain in low Earth orbit... the encompassing environment, which the space craft passes through, is what's known as a 'hard' vacuum. *That would kill us, quick, if we were exposed unto it.*

Additionally, our planet is ninety three million miles from our Sun, and so the harsh solar stellar radiation, at this area, would boil our blood... would dry our skin to a crisp... so space crafts, if they are to

protect us... even space suits... have to have self cooling, and heating type air conditioning, built in. Not to mention, the internal air pressure, must not exceed, or go below, a certain pounds per square inch, of air pressure. Indeed, the need for these strict criteria, for main tain ing human life, is something like, one of the most important immin nance says... one of just the greatest imperatives, of all of man kinds challenges. **'How to protect our astronauts from the hard vacuum of empty space, as we gradually extend our human reach, out past the Moon, unto Mars, and Venus.'** The need to prevent

collisions, around the Earth, as space ships exit and re enter the atmosphere, and while they are orbiting the planet, *is something akin, to the most important challenge facing our species, into the future.* It just seems to me, that there is a great need for some kind of force shield... which can vaporize Earth orbital and inter planetary junk, before it destroys our space craft, which will surely be operating near by the Earth, into the future. Of course, there are many many imperatives, which have arisen, as our species has advanced... *not the least of which are strong vaccine and medicine science... which can prevent and reverse*

*viral and bacterial infections, in people,  
and other life. Another, is genetic  
engineering... still another is nuclear  
science, as well as is artificial intelligence.*  
But, to me, the most obvious imperative, is  
to prevent Earth orbital collisions... as  
increasingly, civilian astronauts, including  
children, are given space flight... *do we  
have the technology, to protect these  
people, from the vacuum, and temperature  
extremes of space?* Can we prevent  
collisions? This, to me, is the imminency  
we face... and, are living with... and, we are  
going to have to meet this challenge... into  
the future... *or, it's a big gray area. Un*



less force shield technology is developed... unless we develop means to vaporize space junk, with lasers, prior to it colliding with our craft, *maybe we just should stay down on Earth.* We've definitely been very blessed, through our sixty or seventy years so far, of space travel, in that, there haven't been serious collisions. How have we accomplished this? Who tracks space junk, and asteroids? *How confident are we, that we can meet this challenge, indefinitely?* The reason, for this urgency, is that I know, if there were a serious collision, in Earth orbit, or else where, and there was loss of life... this would be a tremendous blow,

unto our morale. *Can you imagine, if the International Space Station, were hit by space junk?* But, as I can see, we've been very blessed, thus far, as we've been able to actually dodge, many objects, in the past... *by spotting them ahead, we can, almost always, move out of the way!* Wow, at the urgency, and necessity of this task... maybe, on par with police, national guard, and military to keep our streets safe. And our environmental protection agency... and health departments. And, the problem is getting worse. At any rate, these thoughts have passed through my mind, today. With this cold weather spell, our land seems to

be under, here, *it's no wonder I'm thinking, of the harsh environment, of interplanetary space.* That environment, would be really, not only harsh, but instantly deadly. At any rate, I sit here, listening to a popular music podcast, on my optical data player, and finishing up this article, into this word processor keyboard. I hope anyone reading this has a pleasant coming Friday, this rainy weekend in January, this new year.

Well, all for now, Greg.

*A wise man once said, "If you had*

*everything (you wanted,) then, you wouldn't miss anything. If you didn't miss anything... then, that would preclude you from ever really getting anything."*

At any rate, just some thoughts. When I wish to 'get thoughts flowing,' onto my word processor page, or notebook... I can try some 'thought jazz.' Just starting out, with a familiar saying, or opening ideas, maybe I can generate a flowing down the page... new ideas, can develop, along down the page. You may wonder, from where it is that 'great writing,' originates, and I would say, that this is an easy one. We

might, I think, use an 'idea generator.' This might would be a pocket sized key pad, with a function of creating a 'random thought,' or random idea... from out of an encyclopedic data base... each time you press the key, it would generate a random idea. At any rate, this is a simple concept, but in principle, it can be useful, to show how in writing, we might start out, with 'writers block,' or a lack of ideas... but, through, kind of 'cracking of a book,' and extracting random ideas, we might find ourselves farther along, than we might could have even dreamed. This is a lot like how living is... we might be 'out of ideas,'

and ready to concede defeat... but seeing the way, *'no situation is immutable,'* or in how, *'there are an infinite array of paths to take from any given point,'* so we learn to think properly. Because in life, you'll have to learn to see past the competitive ways, and downward stares, of others... and this pre eminence... *when, all the signs are telling me to 'die away,' knowing to choose 'life' can be such a game changer.* Because in life, all men and women are high kick warriors... having a strong inner focus, of concentration, can sometimes allow me to see past the discouraging ways, of others... *peers, who might simply not have realized,*

*that I would be competitive... that I too, would wish to share my views. At any rate, you can see a few ideas, arising from the inner 'well spring.' But, this takes strong inner focus... which can mean turning away a lot of extraneous sensory information... (which may well have been conscripted for the moment, into playing the role of paranoid self criticism.)* Of course, you have to be able to discriminate, between a good turning, and a bad one... you wouldn't wish to, for instance, 'project' your inner mentay tion, onto others... *but, if you are able to differentiate, adequately, between self and others... this being what I am*

talking about. At any rate. And, you may wonder, if my speaking voice is as composed, and eloquent as these words might lead you to believe... to answer, no... these are composed thoughts... given only through mulling over each word choice selection, and somewhat subtrac tively arriving upon the most lucid expression...

my speaking voice, is more or less a stammering, confused muttering. Ideas seem to come much quicker than I can speak them, and therefore tend to kind of pile up, and become confused. *And then, too, my ideas, are sometimes like skitish forest animals, which rush away, at the*



*least surprise.* I say this, partly to  
dismantle the 'engines of difference,' *as I*  
*would never wish to drive readers away, by*  
*coming across as an arrogant, stodgy*  
*intellectual... because, I'm not.* Being  
quick to find fault with myself, I tend to  
always be my own best critic. *Maybe this*  
*is why, I always seem to be left alone, to*  
*pursue my thinking privately.* What do you  
think? Well, the orange glow of sunrise is  
beginning to arise in the south east... I am  
so glad clouds are gone, for the time  
being... we have had a few soggy, rainy  
weeks, consecutively, and the morning sun  
is such a relief. But, it's very cold... temps

are around eight teen, as we arise from sleep, this morning. But, not so bad, inside. I tend to pray, and wish, often, that those who are, or who may be, in similar behavioral patterns, as I was, at or around age twenty one... *those self medicating, socialite ways...* simply be put upon the 'inside track,' as soon as possible. *But, some of these will be living out, ancestral patterns, such as alcoholism... and the cardinal sin... looking beyond ones' own spirit and soul, in the finding of his or her answers. But, these peers will in many ways, be ties to sanity, as well as being playmates.* For, it is true, how, 'all is found

within,' it just may be true, that an troubled  
ancestor, is re living his alcoholic past,  
through the person... and wants to  
'straighten up.' Only, family insiders, will  
probably be in the know... and as such, will  
tend to judge. *But, for myself, with twenty  
years perspective, I myself, was so very  
blessed, to have made it through, those old  
men, with my freedom... with my life. So  
many become statistics... graveyards, and  
prisons are full of 'the fallen.'* Well, all for  
now, Greg

~

As I sit and mull over which directions to take this audio book into now, I'm reminded of how, *'Just when we think we've got the puzzle worked out, that's a pretty good sign, that our troubles aren't quite behind us yet.'* But if feelings, amount to anything, at all, in general you'll see the ways of how, when a time is in the 'usual ranges,' you'll usually feel good... and 'If you feel good, you can do good.'

But, it might be true, as well, that we'll see how, *'when it rains, it pours!'* Of course, if I'm seeing the way, *'The grass is always greener, on the other side,'* you can pretty clearly tell, how... *there are just as many*

*things which can be said about an ordinary day, as there are people, who have things to say!* And, each perspective is unique... and, what is being spoken of... the day, is precisely what we want it to be. We will only see in it, what we want to see in it! *These are just a few of the observations, which spring to mind, at the present moment, about 'the time.'* But. at any rate, these are just a few thoughts. Our skies are cloudy, with only intermittent sunlight... but our temperatures, are pleasant... not too bad. When one wishes to get him or her self into step with the highest, most universal consciousness, and mind, *he can*

*just quietly tune in, unto the subtlest, most  
nuanced zephyr or direction of thought...  
and, allowing the stylus to write itself...  
attune with his present now. You can't just  
let the weather vane, in your town, be seen  
as, or make you think you know about, the  
weather on the opposite side of the globe...  
this is all folly. At any rate, by now, we  
here are enjoying cold and breezy, but  
sunny weather, at last, this week. I for one  
am very glad, as this puts our cloudy,  
rainy, cold weather pattern behind us, at  
least for the time being. Anyways, I sit  
here upon my bed, inputting this text into  
my word processor keyboard, and 'counting*

my blessings,' this sunny Wednesday morning. *The time we've just come through was a little like hell, and, I think this was mainly due to the rainy, cold weather our area has been swamped in since New Years, or so.* This is the way most winters are, in these parts... just miserable. The problem comes, in the viss sush ways that bad colds and flu can get under people's skin, in conditions like these. *What with the covid nineteen, we didn't want to get sick. This rainy, cold, drizzle was what made it seem so hellish.* At any rate, all for now. Oh, what a wonderful thing a cup of strong coffee can be... through my grown

up years, this has proven itself out to be... *I may be mired down, into heavy trudging... the walking may be hard, indeed... cold droplets of rain, running down my forehead, and dripping off of my nose, and down into my collar...* but, just seeing how, *my walking can't be any worse than was the Saviors, carrying the cross, so long ago...* a cup of coffee, may be all I need... a little miracle... our western civilization, has had a long relationship, with not just coffee, but tea, and chocolate... which too provide stimulant benefits. In the case of some writing in progress... you might read back over a piece, and feel dissatisfied,



with the way it reads... don't dare publish, an article, until you've made it a 'word craft' miracle... It doesn't matter how bad the writing might read initially, through 'working back,' from primitive beginnings, you'll produce for yourself, something you'll be proud of. *Do you see, how this is a big change, literally making a shift from 'big loss to big win.' Sweeping emotional changes, and improvements in your moods, and thoughts, can result.*

At any rate, I sit here, this morning, and wait for the early clouds to clear, so that I can get outside and enjoy the sun. This is usually the best thing that I can do for my

overall health, and well being... even when the temperature's not much over forty degrees... just feeling the warmth of the sun... quickly improves my moods. Do you ever find that, in ordinary living, you tend to blame your peers, and other family members when something comes up missing? Have you ever thought, how this might be attributable to a common 'crank' spirit? This would be an invisible presence about ones life, of which the person may not be aware. *The crank spirit causes you to forget where you put things...* you might be affected, by this, in the manner in which you place blame on your room mate, or

your neighbor... or peer... miss takingly  
assuming that it was their miss cheef,  
which moved your possession. *This type of  
spirit, or 'crank,' often causes diss ruption.*

In dealing with such, a person should just  
remember, we are only human, and  
therefore are imperfect, and sometimes get  
absent minded, wrongly assuming, or  
adopting a blaming mentality, for  
something we ourselves miss placed. *Isn't  
it something, the power which a little  
knowledge can bring, into our ordinary day  
to day lives?* The Buddhists speak of this  
knowledge, of the higher beings, *and of the  
'noir arena...' which has so much sway, in*

*our lives... as being like unto a 'fire, which liberates the mind,' from all illusion.* In possession of this knowledge, there will be none who can deceive you, for you will see clear through into the hearts of all those around. At any rate, this just goes to show you 'what a little time can do.' Well, I sit here, upon this bed, and typing, into this word processor keyboard. You should be able to see, from these simple words, how I find, the writers' art, to be... *as a 'gentle explaining, without causing harm.'* *Music accompanies our meditation. Artists, writers, poets, musicians are like yoga teachers, or personal trainers... they*

*facilitate, or mediate, the relationship between the reader, or listener... and his potentialities... his spirit world... helping him or her to meet his creative, or lifestyle goals.* Does this help? Have you ever thought, how, all the 'great expectations,' and hope a person has in the world, is readily actual ayesd, and realized, by the one single spiritual presence, who is courageous enough to speak up, and reach within. *Without this human inter action, upon the cognitive plane... ignorance might would persist, forever.* But, within any two matched human souls, resides forever... life ever lasting. This is, indeed just something

to think about... *and, if we forget our essential human nature, and forget to allow others around us, then how can light enter the place, then?* Just some thoughts, this pleasant, warm Monday afternoon, in late January. Well, fortunately, we here are all well, and with one another, spiritually speaking. Anyway, I sit here, the same evening, just after seven, listening unto the gentle, but insistent piano playing, of a contemporary stylist... this artist, for instance, reminds us of the imperative, *'Now, more than ever, we should love one another, and be one another's bull wark against the dark, raging sea.'* Well, I wish

to finish this article, so that I can share,  
what patience has brought myself through,  
this day... each stanza, has been it's own  
unique thing, and has moved me in it's own  
way. I guess, this is what is meant, by  
really living, and experiencing life... *it's  
never more richly experienced, than when  
I'm working, with a cool morning breeze in  
my hair... the hours passing with grace,  
and ease.* At any rate, these have been  
some thoughts. All for now, Greg

~

In 'illuminating the shadows,' we attempt to

shine a revealing light upon the hidden features which haunt the minds of mankind.

To my eyes, there are many occult, and otherwise obscure phantom semblances, around the modern world... *things which seem to requisite inquiry.* I think, we indeed should 'love one another,' partly through the thoughtful revealing, unto one another, of those puzzles which vex those of our modern kind... *and speak of possible answers, unto those puzzles.* I'll tell you all that I know of, in light of the snow, and the rain, *which we all find, on a weekly basis.*

Ordinary life, consists partly, in the thoughtful examination, of any obscure,



proximal, phenomena... which seem to be  
situated, within the empty spaces,  
encompassing ones mind brain... cranium,  
is what I'm referring unto, here... *as so  
often, there will be unseen, but felt conden  
sates of potentialities... clustered, proximal  
ly, at this locale... and life seems to be  
partly tasked, with de cipher ing these  
phenomena... as their presence, will  
usually be quite painful... not only unto the  
inner being, there, but also unto the tender  
tissues, which make up the skin, and  
muscular fleshy sheath, around the skull.*  
At any rate, each day, seems to be saddled,  
with it's share, of these types of migraines.

Being possessed, of these phenomena, one's prime directive, gradually becomes 'the diss spell ing' of these peculiarities, *as daily, we grow to seek light... to channel, and draw near unto its power, through all the means, one knows how.* For myself, this includes stream of consciousness art, music, poetry, and any type of writing, like this one, which tends to dispel, the occult contraptions, which, as stated, tend to pre sip ah tate, or condense... in ones conscious awareness field. *Many times, have I been able to successfully externalize, or reveal, an other wise hidden, or occult phenomena.* In a way, this is just par for

the course... as ones' aims, and objectives,  
of course, are artistic, and include the  
coming up with of engrossing, stimulating  
digital literature... *especially, stream of  
consciousness audio, and video, and  
including still images, and text documents,  
like portable document files.* So, you can  
see... the human situation, is often  
comprised, of this pursuit, and these  
artistic, and intuitive findings, then take on  
life, of their own, into the future... as  
entertainment media. *This type of quest, is  
based around ones' belief in the nearly  
limitless potential for good, which human  
life encompasses, and circumscribes...*

*especially seen in conjunction with technology.* At any rate, I've digressed into this writing, so as to better see, and show, some how, just who I am, *and what my artistry is about... and so as to answer, these questions.* Well, all for now, Greg

When one goes to peer beneath the waters of the collective unconscious, he or she receptively attunes, with his or her now. Many times, I have tried to think, of what I might could have written differently... to have made my chapter read easier... *I just wouldn't ever wish to tread on my*

*neighbors flower garden, or step on my dancing partners toes, either...* both of these mistakes, tend to trip myself up. But, even with my 'portal into heaven,' I yet am, at the conclusion, something of a flesh man... and I can't help but sometimes blunder, and fail to live up to my full potentialities. *So, you see, how, 'All have sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God,' and I myself, am no more, or less guilty, than many others.* At any rate, I get along down my page, this cool, rainy morning in early February. In the building of a new, contemporary literature, how can we keep sight of, *both our good sense of*

*personal security, and grow only closer,  
within ones' own best dreaming self  
concepts... becoming the 'dream self?'* A  
ball point pen, is technology... so is a note  
book. Yet, this technology wants to be  
employed mindfully, so that we're not  
fatally bit, by a spider, or a snake, in the  
process. Oh, at the power of good music,  
in the banishing, of our personal devils...  
seeing how, the brightest, and best among  
us, are indeed 'conny seurs of music,'  
should offer much promise, and re  
assurance. But, I digress. At any rate, all  
for now. As I finish up my morning  
chores, my thoughts go forward, unto my

cold soft drink, which we are rewarded with, following chore work. Only then, our morning showers... after our cola. I downloaded from the internet a new album of music, last evening... which exhibits, a nuanced blending of artificial intelligence, with human creativity, in its development. It made me want to try some of those softwares, myself. But, I myself have found, that for a piece to move me deeply, it has to show, and be rich in, human origins... there's nothing in artificial intelligence, which can quite compare, to a sentient human musician, performing and recording in real time, onto the recording media. *The*

*record had both..., and, was just  
fascinating, in its variety, of styles, and  
flourishes... and it's strange beauty. I'm  
definitely looking forward, unto hearing it  
again, later this morning. And, this is a  
rare happening, to be sure... this enthuse.*  
What amazing intrigues are within twenty  
first century music albums... *only, we have  
to slow down enough, to really  
appreciate.... this much is true.* I hope  
your enthusiasm for your morning media is  
comparable. I looked at it, and can easily  
see, how computers, today, have met and  
exceeded all expectations, in terms of small  
size, and price... but I had the revelation, of



how, a computer is only as 'smart,' as the software running on it. My thinking is, the computer I've got, here, is much smarter than the super computers, of thirty years ago... but it won't do me much good, until I install the right applications, to work with my unique latten sees. My picture library, for instance. Once you hear and see, real Artificial Intelligence at work... what it can do... you'll then be, so to speak, experienced, at this kind of strange awesome beauty. We always have wanted to see the capabilities... now, that we can, see it, 'How do we like it?' Just stuff like that, which offers confirmation, and

affirmation, unto those who work with this  
sort of thing. Anyways, all for now. I  
move along, into this good morning.  
Sitting out here, in this small shack, in the  
back, with these canines laying 'round my  
feet, I'm greatly enjoying the natural light,  
of our nearest star, coming through, this  
layer of clouds. The temperature is  
pleasant, with a breeze in the air. This  
weather, is part of a system, moving across,  
so our temps are expected to drop, and  
skies clear, once it passes. As I endure  
these 'love bites,' I am reading back over  
this writing, and thinking of the cold,  
isolated places I frequented throughout my

twenties, (for want of knowing any better...) thirty years later... the pain of that time, is just as vivid. (Younger versions of my self, are still finding the same desolation... there's not much I can do about it... the cycle of addiction, usually ends in suicide, or over dose.) At any rate, I have managed to put this writing together, de spite my polarized mind state, lately. I hope you find in it, something you can use, and enjoy. All for now, Greg

~

When one wishes to peer into the empty space, of a blank notebook page... *or, consult the ancestors...* this, I think, is one of Mans most time honored paths, for finding communion, within the higher dimensional beings, about ones life. In this practice, it's the communion, itself, which is most desired... not the finished piece, although that can be profitable... but, there's a kind of lonely ness, which encroaches... *which can only be dispelled, within close association with, and among, ones higher power.* This, I think, has tie ins, too, with the timeless Earth concept...

*the return to the Garden, where the time is  
neither antiquity, nor modernity... just one,  
habitable, living planet Earth, where life  
flourishes. Within the path, of stream of  
consciousness writing, music and art  
resides an quite endless quantity of this  
timeless, innocent communion... free from  
bad news... and good news... free from near  
ness... and distance... free from hunger, and  
fullness, happiness, and sadness... free  
from endless value assessments, and the  
placing of judgments... just one everlasting  
Nature. And, it's in communion, with ones  
always becoming inner spirit, and natures,  
that such well spring resides... like an ever*

*placid pond, which affords refreshment  
unto all who drink.*

When life, and karmic attachments try to  
displace the mind in ones self, and over  
throw ones sanity, the main, most important  
thing to remember, is to get with these  
inner natures, and carefully weigh, and  
consider, *what, within my life, is timeless,  
and classic*, and what is temporal,  
transient, and passing... and in an applied  
manner, onto the page, as in discernment...

build for the fruitful future. By the  
walking, of this karmic attachment, back  
into the forever of the timeless, innocent  
classic realm, within... *by laying ones*

*burdens down, thus... the struggle, one may be dealing with, is freed, into real peace, serenity, and contentment. And, this may simply require walking back... and passage of time.* Sometimes, I have good ideas...

and it always helps, if I'll write them down... I carry a notebook on myself at all times, so that I can do this... one thought, recently, is how, *'Most things really don't matter, much... but some, are so uniquely amazing,'* What do you do... *'When you think you've figured things out... the puzzle rules all seem to change!'* Another idea... *'Gods view is unknowable... but sometimes we think we know... in our human*

*imagination.'* I just think, that sometimes, the Gods ask us to carefully, and closely examine, the inner nuances, say, of an particularly bad entanglement... we should look, carefully into what this spirit, is asking of us, *and try, through this way, to help the soul find inner peace.* 'In a state of self imposed isolation... if you don't realize, or recognize the necessity, for finding human warmth... *the warmth of others, like yourself... in time, to save your life, you're doomed.'* At any rate, in independent living, this style, of self management, *is equivalent to suicide.* But, within the radiant warmth of a close circle,



of friends... *there's a nearly limitless  
patience, with the 'solitary' ways.* I've  
lived in group, boarding, and foster homes  
since my second serious suicide attempt in  
two thousand and three. *And, I still, have  
solitary ways.* But the artist is always  
accountable unto those he or she lives with  
daily. And, that's no problem, for myself...

as I long ago gave up those obsessive  
compulsive self medicating ways. So, its,  
'Like it or not, here I am!' At any rate, it's  
these sentiments, tonight. *Tomorrow, may  
be something completely different.* The  
Surrealists employed 'paranoid critical' self  
criticism. This to me, means 'family

involvement.' 'Having a conscience.' One path may be right. The other may be completely wrong. You have to see and know the difference... *this requires self consciousness, and paranoid self criticism.*  
*At any rate, all for now, Greg.*

~

When one wishes to look within, his or her mind, and imagination... *to find the treasure, of communion...* this simply requires a slowing, of one's frantic pace...

and going entirely within. One follows each filament of imagination... *the work, really is in coming up with catchy sayings... aphorisms... and in conjoining them, as prosody.* You'll gradually find a stanza, or a paragraph, of sensible thinking... which can then be left alone, for an hour or two... returning, then, you'll find additional words, to add to what you've already got. Through out this incremental way, you'll find your mind to be like a sounding board... you'll send forth, by placing thoughts into your notebook... and the agreement, or disagreement, will seem to arise from your peripheral vision... *this*

*relationship, while it may seem faint, and indistinct, unto the un initiated... is at the heart of the human mysteries... The Grandmother Spider sits upon the shoulder of the traveler, and offers affirmation, when the given expression appears to be in tempo, or in step, with the best possible will, for him or herself. Other wise, 'no' or disagreement will be clear. See? Most people over look, this faint peripheral signaling... if only I had picked up on it at a younger age... the gentle angels were subtle lee, and gradually, guiding me into where I needed to be... but, I unconsciously scoffed at this good guidance, for I wanted*

to roam, way past where our conservative societies' conventions said I should go. I

just wasn't aware, didn't notice these beings, trying to carefully guide myself. I could have saved myself a pain full ten year detour, through mind altering substances, and their un fortunate consequences. But, any way, I salvaged what I could, by incorporating some of these impressions, through out my output.

*They don't compare, though, unto the communion of careful sobriety.* Even now, my most recent revival, of this inner togetherness, is fascinating my imagination... as, so many of the goals, and

rewards, our society tells us should be valued... just don't make sense, in light of the pure, sacred ideals, within this applied inner communion, as in through writing, or stream of consciousness music, or painting.

Our society tells us we need external things, only certain ones... *but, living has shown me, within is where it's at.* Seeking to allow only the subtlest, most sentient inner natures, from within one's own heart, and through getting one's self in step with the best all around good will for yourself... *this, will bring your most careful foot steps, back, from out of the red, into the black. Then, your view will be much*

*better... your choices, simpler... easier. At any rate, these are a few notes, on that special place, of fellowship, which resides at the heart of the still ness of a focused mind. May they serve you well. All for now, Greg.*

**'The voice chakra is a window into the interior of your soul.'** This is the reason why this center appears to shimmer with radiance... iridescence, as of an ether ick time portal... so many ways into Heaven.

You shouldn't have to think much, to see how the language we use, in writing of this kind, gives unto this chakra this silvery, astral brilliancy, in the minds eye. My guides have shown me, there is this silver world... which exists within the visual surfaces, of just all of our appointments... walls, floor, table, chair... these things all have a silvery equi vey lency... an silver, iridescent surface. This surface, has a lasting memory, and can hold and keep an visual image... as a tablet might would a line of writing, or a picture book. Having seen this, as a young man, I was thus able to inference, how the psychic automatism...



automatic writing... of my late twenties happened so easily. At any rate, in thinking of these unique experiences, I can't quite imagine, any more difficult time, than that was. I had a long way to go... a long journey. But, in trying to distill the essence, of this present time... from the diss abled perspective, it's pretty easy to see... how difficult it is trying to rise above, the weight and pressing of downward societal pressure. I'd probably be better off getting back to sleep, so to speak! In living, you'll find, that, when you're the 'only one awake,' this is sometimes the work, that is before you.

(hard work... mental labor) *But, at any rate, through just writing lucidly and plainly, and carefully guiding ones self into better light... the morning... you'll see how this can be done.* It is possible, with patience, to dispell the gloom, of being. *When one has definite priorities, which include self responsible, creative paths like writing, music, and photography... finding what the heart is saying... you'll find, you can do what you set your mind to do, in life. It can just be a little difficult rising above the weight of doubt. 'No one ever said that writing work was easy.' This is so very true. This, is usually, a fairly slow*

process... creating something from nothing... one line at a time... and only the right line, will do. Each, has to be carefully weighed, and turned over, within the mind, as it goes onto the page. *The mind, however, can be given autopilot... whom solves most of the common dilemmas, before they come to be.* She's making careful, gradual progress... not so much, my ego self, or my insular self, out ahead of the others... *but, it is the interior, well informed presence, which writes.* The ego self, wants to be different... ***but the innocent soul finds full redemption.*** This is why the spiritual leaders say, 'If God is

in it, it will succeed, and be blessed.' At any rate, I sit writing. Having worked the errors out of the opening paragraphs, I can now get along down my page. The time I've been given, this morning... free time, for writing... is very precious to myself. *In thinking of the challenges, and struggles my life once faced... the deep anguish, at not having any clear way, or path... having to just force the time to pass... has definitely been remedied... and today, I have things to show, for my time... writings, music, videos... at the end of the day, that's what matters... having that equity.* Our day, today is expected to warm

considerably... I hope to get outside in the fresh air, and listen to music. The modern worlds' troubles, are so subtle, and intertwined, and overlapping, with one another, I feel, *that it takes circumspect writers, to identify precisely what is the matter, on this day, or any day.* This is, indeed, the best I know to give... as the inner spirit puts my daily struggles before me, I'll usually be able, to see an uniquely original set of answers. *Being able to give back, in this way, is akin to the highest aim, in living.*

In my view, this is precisely the sort of voice, which our disabled, and poorer people, would offer up, unto the world... *a*

*perspective, which has seen the 'end of days,' and which still has such good ideas to bring.* So, I guess, this is the way I can give back. Maybe, I'm not doing as vital a job as a grocery store manager, or a delivery driver... but to me, *knowing that my simple, plain perspective can help solve upon modern physics, is happiness enough.* Only, do people recognise good thinking, when they see it? At any rate, all for now.

~

When one goes unto the empty notebook

page, to garner insight into the features of a time, and circumstance (*consulting the ancestors*,)... he or she receptively attenuates, unto the subtlest nuance, and direction, of consciousness. Sometimes, the best thing I can do, for myself, and my reader, is just to hold unto my neutrality... and not give outward show, of any one direction... but just to remain open. As, sometimes, we blunder... this can be an occasion, to show ones' self forgiveness. The longer I sit and dwell around a thing, sometimes, the larger, and more pronounced it appears to become. A person might have been at one stage, within the

ignorance of youth. This, then, may be all  
he or she really knows. *But, I've been  
shown, how no situation is immutable, and  
that there are an infinite array of paths to  
take from any one point.* How can we find  
balance, between that which we've been  
given, and that which should be? So, this  
is the basic reason, that I keep up this  
writing program... so that this sense of  
balance doesn't erode, and I'm left without  
means of any kind. So, I've chosen to be  
fairly prolific, for a lot of good reasons,  
mainly, that I am indeed able to find good  
answers, and solutions, to so many  
common problems... *I guess, if my spirit*



*weren't willing, then nothing further would come from my pen.* I hope you can see, that

this willingness to be creative, and productive, has had mainly good outcomes, down through the years. At any rate, puzzles are meant to be solved, eventually, and I can usually find a spectrum of answers, so to speak, to so many common questions! I hope these have served you well. At any rate. As writers, our lives are as open books, unto the Heavenly hosts... and there will be no turning, nor flowing, which is not seen, and understood, in time.

At any rate, as this good afternoon progresses, today, I manage to get in some

photography, with eventual aim, of an nature and piano based production, for this Spring. With this beginning accomplished,

I can see, then now, what can be seen.

Boy, it's good to have gotten a few words under my fingers, this afternoon. I just

wouldn't want them to have been taken wrongly, or miss construed. *Because, it*

*wasn't that... or anything.* I just found myself, *thunder struck*, and at the age of

twenty three, entertained of an deeper, subtler realm of being, than any in my

previous life experience... so, I found myself gladly taking financial assistance...

for the pains of living my life, at the time,

were quite overwhelming. Not that I liked the idea of a handout, either. It was just, the questions, at the time... just, 'What would I do with my mature artistic vision? And, In which way would I walk?' had left me hollow, and short of answers... *so, the spirit world had opened up, for myself... and eventual integration, and individuation, of myself, and my writers mind, was thusly initiated.* I had a lot of 'the inner me,' to get to know... and on up, until the present. But, around age twenty six, or so, I pretty much went completely inward, and although others may be about, I still just have to make myself socialize...

and this isn't easy. This is why I remain in  
a group home... I would tend to 'self  
isolate,' otherwise. (*This writing, so as to  
answer my spirits need... for, you see, by  
telling myself, I'll also tell you, and then  
we'll both know.*) At any rate, all for now,  
Greg.

~

When one wishes to peer into the inner  
qualities, of a moment, then, he or she, just  
looks inward. It helps a lot, if you are  
reasonably contented, physically  
speaking... if you have pressing physical

concerns, then writing can be difficult. *I myself, could never really allow my spirit to soar, if I was in physical discomfort, of any type.* So, speak unto these concerns first, and then go unto the empty page.

Once you've grown experienced, at writing, and at coaxing your writers voice, onto the page, you'll then know, comparatively speaking, how this writing session, measures up, unto those of the past. For some, this is necessary, or there's just too much bewilderment. Our weather, today, is blustery, and tonight, we're expecting strong storms, to pass through the region. But, the likely hood of any one place

getting damaged, by a tornado, is very small. (So, that we don't feel as if our world's coming to an end.)

At any rate, it's unn usually warm, this late morning in mid February. To really know, what the heart is saying, on this or any day, it helps, to have a strong vocabulary, of 'starting thoughts,' or 'starting expressions.'  
*Then, you will be able to pick from these, in coming up with writing that reads well.*

These days, I myself, am very glad, any time that my higher spirit 'takes the wheel,' as then, I can kind of rest, and let the writing complete itself. *Once you've experienced this joy, this, of being led*

*entirely by your inner spirit, through page after page of good writing, you'll long to recreate this effect... and, time and again, be in the womb, of creation.* I've found, that for a piece of writing, or a song, or a film, to really reach me, and affect me, so that I want to go back time and again... *it has to be inspired...* there's no other way. I might try, to recreate this effect, but there's nothing like this breath, of life... which imbues the most magical literature with time less ness. One simply must recognize, how *'I can't do it alone, dear Lord... please, Be Thou my Vision!'* this must be your central desire. You can wish all you

want for material things... a nice car, a nicer house... a lot of money... *but, when your wish is for inspired writing, you can imagine... if you believe in Angels, and a Higher Power, in general... then, with persistent effort... many, many tries at the goal... you'll eventually get there.* It just might not be over the span of only one night, or day... but, instead, will be a life time pursuit... which one never gives up.

Well, you can easily see, from this little bit of writing, how, 'It's not 'the end of days,' at all!' but, more a strong conclusion, to this, the second part, of my latest audio book, and text. See you in part three. *All*



*for now, Greg.*

~

THE WAY I SEE IT, OUR COUNTRIES'  
products and services are created and  
maintained by college graduates, people  
with business or engineering diplomas,  
who build and maintain our physical world.  
This includes, in my view, our mass media  
culture, and internet technology  
professionals. People who work in  
broadcast and film, are really on the

service side, of this, or the entertainment side of this. Most of our up and coming media professionals, will be college graduates, who are highly skilled at music or video production, or both, production, or engineering. These people will be earning a living, and expanding their portfolio. These might be local personalities, like news anchors, or on air meet ero logists. *These will, usually, be glad to answer any questions, and, the talented are usually good, for the indefinite time period... working and using skills reached in their diploma certifications, or any experience history.* These, in my view, form a kind of

a '*silent majority...*' and are glad to keep up with the pace of our society... and to report the news. These may be free lance writers, and who eventually publish in a journal, or book, or in a serial fashion, doing a print or internet column, or monthly feature in a magazine, and making money that way.

These people will be 'earning a living.'  
*Occasionally, somebody's work makes a 'splash,' and they, eventually, enter into their Valhalla consciousness.* These, are usually the ones which really reach through out our society, and are seen as ubiquitous with the time, it self. These will be 'watershed,' moments, in somebody's

career... like our FM radio eccentrics.. In the times after such 'big splash,' the person will spend anywhere from five to ten or more years learning the 'ways of the spirit,' at the level at which he finds himself or herself. *During these years, he or she will tend to 'keep his head down,' and try to blend in...* but he will see through an 'higher access ional' spiritual lens, and will have to walk the line, between symptoms of psychosis, and the Zen state. But, he or she will survive. This will usually be the 'wizard hermit,' who lives just to the other side of the tracks... and years and years pass, and he will build an kind of 'celestial

palace,' of heavenly habitations. *Many many visual artists do well in our land, and manage this extreme consciousness, and balance an strong creative life, with a wife and children.* But, the ones with the drug abuse, or mental illness history, will usually not procreate. At any rate, you can probably see, from this little assay, how these sociological intersections, and potentialities, of our media devices... our computers, and smart phones, and tablets... span our society, and I for one, find the topic to be so interesting... I myself started out in broadcast and film, *but, not realizing at the time, should have just acquainted*

*myself with personal computers, instead.*

But, I was trapped in the materialist paradigm, and desperately wanted a more spiritual life, and consciousness... but, I just went about it the wrong way... and, instead of turning on, a computer, focused on my mind... but, finally, *at a point, realizing that any spiritual growth, and clean living will be closely partnered... I eventually landed in a group home.* My alcoholic Granddads' ghost, (my dominant genetic influence,) is just too big of an influence, in my ordinary life, so I stay in a well ness program. I think, that, on the path of spiritual individuation, and of the

developing of ones self identity, and finally  
in ones gradual blending back into the  
'societal fabric,' (*this metaphoric spectrum,  
of personal development... the trans  
personal odyssey, encompassing Eastern  
Mysticism, and Christian Mysticism...and  
re joining the Wanderer consciousness,  
with the Mother consciousness,*) the single  
biggest advancement, for the solitary soul,  
will be in saying farewell, to the hermit life  
style... and that solitary wasting... and  
entering voluntarily into communal, group,  
and foster type living. Yet, there will be  
those, who 'don't get' the need for the  
company of other warm har ted humans,

and who desire to re enter into independent living... to enter into another hermit gig... *(or, those who will have good social skills, already,)* but the strong willed, will have seen how, 'you can't make it on your own... people need people.' We ourselves, decide *'Which is right, and which is an illusion.'*

'The path of conscious choosing,' is the way in which we grow closer to one another, by observing standards of truth, and honesty, and, for many people... those who, may have loved, and lost... within the innocence, and ignorance of youth... *and who are trying to henceforth always 'do the right thing' in the future... I think this*



*conscious choosing is at the heart of our well being, in general.* Well, did you know, that, even as you read this essay, there will be RNA editing happening, continuously, and, for many people, consciously? For, you see, our inner life often comes down unto, *'will I make the right choice, between two evils?'* and, you'll see how, this is a *'conscious choosing process,'* happening continually, at our mind-environment junction. 'RNA editing,' or something like that, might be at the heart of our inner lives... the same as ones' using road signs to get him or her to the destination. And, this may be pseudoscience... But, still, we

see the way, of how, esoteric meaning, only finds continuation, and the stability of a good philosophical home, and continues, when the right inner choices are made. *The*

*Good Lord, has given me a fairly good mind, which operates in an 'animistic representational' manner. The theory, is that, we have to know not only what we believe, but why we believe it... and in my mind, that means thinking, of politics, and personalities, and actually working out my thoughts... keeping my politic, so to speak.*

Walking right, is part of this, and this means, that this 'course of conscious choosing,' is very important. *(This is*

*thought which happens on the cognitive level... an conscious relating, with people, ideas, and issues which comprise the modern world. This might be what is meant by 'RNA editing,' on the conscious plane.)* At any rate, these big thoughts have been 'rapping at my window,' recently... and this is why I am *writing them out...* they might be meant for someone special, and I wouldn't want to let them slip away.

*Well, anyway. All for now, Greg.*

~

As I sit, to peer beneath the surfaces, of  
this moment... *to look within the now...*  
*and, to somehow glean insight, into just*  
*how, to direct my footsteps, into this future*  
*picture,* I listen to the gentle, but insistent  
piano solo, coming from my tablet  
computer, beside my bed. *Sometimes, the*  
*best which one can do, doesn't match up,*  
*with another's expectations.* Still, at  
another time, he or she may be completely  
happy, with the results. In the evening, I  
might strongly dislike, a piece of music...  
yet, with the morning, I might would  
choose it over many others. Just so you see  
how, as spiritualists, the natures, of ones

inner logic center might be very telling, of something which is not visible, with the naked eye. From hour, to hour, opinions might be very subjective... the context might shift... are we talking about this, *or are we talking about that... over there?* At any rate, you can see, our perceptions are practically infinite... in other words, we will see only that which we wish to see. *When the heart leaps with gladness, at an unexpected gain, we will forget our negative criticism, and our blaming mentalities... any victim mentality evaporates, and rejoicing begins!* At any rate, we have had enough, and that's all we

want, of trouble. Well, that's how I would see that. But, at any rate, we should all know, by now, how persistent is the spirit realm... *and how insidious the devilry sometimes gets.* All we can do, is to make the best decisions we can, with our limited information... and try and keep the shenanigans weeded out. But, you'll find, it takes all kinds... *a small change can make a world of difference.* Having solved my morning issues, I feel restful, and am enjoying the light flowing of music, in my head phones, as these words are being developed. At any rate, you can easily see, some of the ideas, which are about, this

chilly, rainy morning in late February. I for one, am very glad that this winter is nearly behind us, and, while spring has its occasional weather issues, I am glad to leave the damp, and the cold in the past.

All for now, Greg.

~

I was thinking, on the matter, of 'When should kids be introduced to the internet?'

This, to me, is one of the most pressing

concerns parents face. Parents should have instilled firm knowledge, of the difference, between right and wrong, in the youth...

and, upon entering puberty, the child should have an inner self consciousness. (I

did, and that eventually led me into consciousness of the fabric of spirit, around all life and matter.) *Before leaving the nest,*

*a youth should be ready to admit, that*

*sinful ways, are always detrimental. I*

guess, in growing up, this was really where I failed my parents. We might should have

talked, more... but we didn't. I had a

deficit, in self honesty, and, for much of my young adulthood, had to blindly serve,



the ghost of the 'alcoholic Granddad,' the remnants of a thoughtless life... the poor, self medicating sinful ways; *my fascination with the intoxicated state, was so profound, and, this went on for far too long.* But, I did know the important difference, between right and wrong, I think, mainly in the hippie '*harm none... other than that, you may do what you will,*' maxim. But, when a young person enters the periphery of the 'Kingdom of Heaven,' and is fixed, in principle, on finding a guide, listening to this guide, and drawing ever nearer, unto the paths of light... but, he still drinks alcohol recreation ally... the

other men, and women, who may be far more advanced, than the youth, and will be doing their thing... may have unconscious sand traps, from their past times, and histories... and other unconscious ways, of down throwing a young person... which they might be somewhat unaware of...

and, the young adult will be greatly challenged, by these down cast stares... and many are there, who don't, or didn't survive this land... these 'outskirts,' of the Heaven on Earth, where knowledge is scarce, and where the winds, can be really sharp, (especially if the person has one or more submerged issues.) I spent most of my free

time, in those days, intoxicated. This is why it is so important, to teach young minds early, the differences between right and wrong... because, there will likely be a kind of 'trial by fire,' antecedent, unto the interim, in between period, where one learns the basic ways of the spirit... and throughout this time... *and he or she must be firmly grounded in his knowledge of right and wrong... to come through this testing.* My parents had me in youth organizations, from a young age, and so I early on learned how to show others, and myself, due respect... and so avoided the many sorts of trouble, which would have

been otherwise... and most importantly, this respect, brought myself a life, *largely free from any 'falling into delusion.'* This, combined with my young reading life; *from earliest recollection, my parents showed me the vast worlds of imagination, and learning, within books... so I'm always aware, of the possibilities... of how, 'no situation is immutable,' and of how, 'there are an infinite number of paths to take from any given point.'* This, helped me to easily see the way around most of the obstacles, which arose. Having had a good relationship, with a woman who loved me... this gave my self esteem such a boost...

*but, as long as I kept self medicating,* such self esteem, was more like a brazen, shameless, devil may care approach, to my self medicating. I'll always regret, this self medicating... so many people must have looked on me, and judged. I'm just grateful, that I straightened up, for good, in two thousand and three... but, only after a serious suicide attempt. Well, does this little essay, help you see the sometimes real challenges, of growing up, with a family history, of alcoholism, or mental illness? I hope so. Anyways, all for now, Greg.

~

When one goes to peer into the *nuanced recesses* of a moment, he or she sits before his word processor keyboard, and attunes inwardly. There may not be ideas springing unto mind, in the immediate sense, but through a kind of *gentle, receptive coaxing, some ideas, will eventually arise*. It may help the writer, to think of how, in music, a jazz musician starts a flowing, and allows rhythm, and rhyme, over time, (the length of the

performance,) to sketch out an improvisation. This, then, in going onto the lasting media, becomes something you could give a name, or a title, and you have a new song. You see, you don't necessarily have to have cohesive ideas, at the start, but through partnering with nature, and the flowing of moments, *you can build up something cohesive.* The musician partners, with mystery... and something unexpectedly good develops... such that, playing it back, is pleasant... *we call such recorded music.* At any rate, just in getting a few ideas down onto your page, you'll then be farther along, than before,

and through creating this momentum,  
further ideas can come along, and fill out  
the article. Just allow words to flow... your  
hands might know what to type, even  
before your mind does... *just whatever  
ideas are lingering about... these can be  
gotten down.* As I sit, writing, this warm  
Saturday morning, in early March, this  
year, and listening to the soft piano music  
coming from my speakers, I can't help but  
think, how we here are so very blessed. In  
a nation like ours, it's so good, when  
everyone and everything does what they're  
supposed to do... *and there isn't strife, or  
contention muddying our waters.* The past



twenty years or so, in America have been good, and the young people have made, and re made, times of some prosperity. *The older ones know, though... this time has seen its difficulty, as well,* what with our armies tasked so much with keeping peace, in lands where our interests, and concerns reach... *places with very different ways, from ours, and who just couldn't offer much in the way of thanks, for this peacekeeping.* In our own lands, these miss understandings, and differences of ways, have created too many monsters, in vulnerable minds... and we're fortunate when a day passes without a bad shooting,

somewhere. There are just too many suicides, and drug over doses, as well, and it seems our survivor groups, *have had to see successive generations of young people, become ravaged by these plagues...*

**only the strong survive.** Well, it seems, that even when I might not have concerted ideas, in mind, to put upon the page, by just starting small... listing good, and bad things, and weighing and comparing, in this written fashion... *gradually bringing the truth of the time, into the article*, you'll illumine and clarify the shadowy doubts, which sometime plague the mind... and through realistically appraising, the time

period, you can arrive upon the honest truth. The honest truth, may be all that there is worth mentioning... *as truth, with a capitol T, is simply far too awful...* I for years have sought something, which the human mind can find... from a practical perspective, and given and considering the realities, of the time which this is. Among these, I believe, are much higher life expectancy, for most peoples, and much much greater life satisfaction... and quality of life. Our binary micro technology devices, being not the least of many many advances, which have made our lives, in this world, much happier, and more full

filled. Well, isn't it nice, how two such different nationalities, can have such a full meeting of the minds on the matter of music? *This is totally possible, with instrumental music, and I enjoy this meeting, of minds every single day!* When an cee dee or album of instrumental music is published, just right away, you have a meeting place for just anyone to share in together... no matter from where, and what else might happen to be running in the back ground... *you'll at least have this agreement, on the music.* This to me, is just what's really something, in this modern time... this excerpt from a ex Beatles song,

(with lyrics,)(which are easy to understand,) which goes something like...  
**'They've forgotten about God. He's the only reason we exist.'** (You can look it up! *'All those Years Ago.'* written and sung by George Harrison.) Only, I like to replace the word God, with Love... that's *'the very reason we exist!'* *If only the news makers, would really get this in their head, just think of all the time (and lives!) we could save.* Well, all for now, Greg.

~

When one wishes to get thought flowing, onto the empty page... *he slows way down, and peers inwardly.* This gets easier, with practice, and experience. One finds the point of equilibrium, between himself, and his mind... and the heavenly plane, of lasting, higher meaning. Just using this as your theme, consider how the human mind, is like a dream catcher, or radio antennae. Any higher intelligence, around, or within we people, will, if he or she learns this receptive attuning, and continues being sensitive unto the subtlest impulse... find a way onto the page, *through the lenses of our minds.* With a focused mind, one can

learn to deal with difficult natures, by effectively making such to look upon itself, and by consciously walking it back, from primacy, to the clear, concise, sensible thinking. *So, and, this is a gift, shown unto the mortal world, by the inhabitants of the next world.* Anyone can learn to access, and make use of this higher intelligence, into writing, or media of any kind... and come up unto the wisdom of your particular family tree. And, when you've had ten or fifteen years experience, in this 'walking,' you'll probably find, as I have, just today, how difficult it can be, to simply rise above, and rise unto the

callings, of modern life... thresholds, and beginnings, for instance. *A new book, or a new chapter.* But, mornings don't get much easier, as we age... it can be hard to just face the arduous day. But, once your patterns are initiated, and smoothed out, work gets easier... and especially, as familiarity grows. At any rate, you can easily see my thoughts, upon this. As I sit upon this bed, at dusky time of day, and input these words into this word processor keyboard, I'm gently remembering to make note of this time, as, from my vantage, this sort of migraine, is nearly as bad as they get. The way, I can find these symptoms,



though, is as a portal, or gate way, into a more stable way of seeing, or thinking of my place in this world. This is the way to deal with things like this. At any rate, I get along into this evening. We're expecting rain, with thunderstorms into, and past tomorrow. Glimpsing just what I like to see, about myself, my inner habitation... reminds me of another writers' observation, the seasoned observation, upon the soul, as being like a 'many storied palace,' with pennants and banners, standing in the wind... such is the place to which writers can ascend, *and such are the accommodations, within the well appointed media*

*portfolio.* At any rate. You can easily find these thoughts. Just in sitting, with these developing words, feels like exactly what

I'm meant to do, from antiquity...

weighing, and comparing each thought, for

the balance, which keeps only unto

harmony, and good walking. Any time, one

wishes to return, in this manner, unto

quality writing, onto the lasting media...

taking shelter, within this communion,

among his or her familiar significance ees,

he or she can do so. *And, this will usually*

*be when he finds himself working out*

*thoughts in his head...* hammering, and

forging original thought... it's then, when

he sits before his notebook, or empty word processor page... to somehow get down, these ideas, while they are passing through.

*You'll always occasionally have great thoughts... keeping a note book, or other media on hand, at all times, is the way to remember, and benefit, from these things.*

What is an 'out of body' experience? To me, this doesn't mean, strictly, that the soul leaves the body, and walks around outside... *but, instead, pertains unto the vision... such that, I see from the perspective, of above myself... at, say, the ceiling.* You can try this yourself... this is a special kind of perspective, which allows a

kind of comprehensive over view, of inner feelings. When you can see yourself, (*shift your perspective, with imagination,*) so that your third eye, appears to look down, or back at yourself, sitting there... you'll then plainly see, if you're like me, *and if you more or less, have things in order, so to speak...* **the inner soul, is a place of rare beauty, and, hopefully, utmost peace.**

This kind of 'out of body' seeing experience, for myself, wasn't traumatic...

*but, it may have been a reaction to trauma... and, it did form a kind of pivotal, or peak experience... it just simply lets one see his or her self, from the distanced*

*perspective, as it were, from across a room.*

Then, looking back at myself, I finally saw, and experienced true love, at the careful intelligences, which have crafted a good life for myself... whether its in writing, or recording, or sketching, or photography... *these are crafts, which take not only courage, but love, to make happen...* and, you'll see, if you're like myself, there has been a lot of love shown.

*Maybe, if we were more aware of the loving consciousnesses, looking on, from about ourselves... then we just might could somehow see through their eyes... see and feel the love, which has gone into*

*making your 'inner temple,' what it is!*

I'm not like a hermit anymore... I need love  
and attention all the time! At any rate,

these are some thoughts, this damp  
afternoon in mid March, this year. As I  
was saying, to really see ones self as God  
sees ones self, you have to see from the  
distanced perspective. *That is to say, your  
inner soul... are you fully aware, of this  
place of such beauty?* And, how much are  
you blocking, from your self? What parts

of yourself, are you denying yourself  
experience of? *What is going on, there?*

*Do you even know?* Well, all for now,

Greg.

~

When one goes to sit afore his or her word processor, to more closely examine a time and situation, he places hands upon his keyboard, and begins noting any ideas which arise to the surface. These will form the opening thoughts, in your article, and gradually, only through incrementally going onto the page, like this, he or she fills out his pages. *In keeping your article somewhat self similar... given, solely around the processes of its own coming*

*into being... and not really referencing  
unto contemporary troubles, beyond it's  
own creation... your words will rest easily  
upon the surface of your page, and the  
writing experience, will be only pleasant,  
and easy. As one may remember, there  
were endless years, of trouble, and  
disagreement, not far in the past... a  
decade, or two... and, I for one, perfected  
this ability... of keeping my words non  
referential, and self similar, during that  
time. For, you'll see, just because you're  
refraining from speaking of the worlds'  
troubles, doesn't mean, that your ideas  
won't be many, and varied... as there are*



endless topics for discussion, within this kind of 'unspoken vernacular,' *and I've been given whole books of such ideas unto the page, in the past.* So, just because the news papers are full of diss chord, doesn't mean, at all that your writing has to be conflicted... quite the opposite, as I think you'll find, for the most part. If one does speak, of current affairs, just be sure, you're being true unto yourself, and not squandering your good mind and talents, in unnecessary worry, and strife. *At any rate, I get along down my page, this morning.* Our temperatures outside, are quite cold, today... and tonight, they are expected to

drop to the low teens, as a cold front is passing through. After this one or two days of cold weather, we hope to experience more of the warmth of this early springtime season... we just don't want any trouble from the tornados, which spring sometimes has attendant, to the leaves, and blossoms. *So, you can leave that out!* At any rate, I sit here upon this bed, and thinking these thoughts, now. *These times we are living in, really are unlike any previous, in this epoch.* But, haven't you thought of how, when we humans have advanced, unto the point, *of being able to end warring and fighting...* and, our physical suffering is a

thing of the past... well, our unique relationships, with the higher beings, invisibly present within, and around all life... will also be more advanced, *and our humankind will gradually be allowed in the Galaxy civilization.* We'll find it within ourselves, then, to locate certain technological advancements, which only had been awaiting discovery, just outside of our consciousness, for millennia. *There will be no more disagreements between people... as the infinite doorway, is always close at hand... and none will be forgotten, or neglected.* Wouldn't you like to find out, simply that these peaceful lands, and highly

advanced beings, and places, are all very real, and present always... and are as close as can be, at all times... *and merely await your full participation in, and experiencing of them!* This, to me, is the Good Word, as I've been shown it... I myself, only require a short length, any given time, for myself, and everyone around to be 'on the same page,' and enjoying the full and equal blessings, of this peace... as I've had only to find opportunity to 'let it be.' At any rate, you can easily find and see these thoughts, this afternoon... *for, they are written down, in the common area.* Well, I myself, have definitely been graced, and

blessed, since I starting finding this  
writing... *I only would wish my joy be  
conveyed more expressly... as so often, the  
weight of being, is pressing down upon my  
very nose, and I would only to lay this  
work down, for a spell, and laugh and run  
with the others...* to show my happiness.

(Or, some such expression like that!)

Well, I hope this essay has been of some  
hope and encouragement, unto yourself...  
and will bring this writing to a close. All  
for now, Greg.

*When one wishes to tune into the  
encompassing fabric of higher mind  
consciousness, above, and about ones self,  
he or she just sits before his notebook, or  
word processor keyboard, and jots down  
the first few thoughts which come to mind.*

If he or she hearkens only to the subtlest  
impulse, and zephyr, he can solve upon  
complex problems, and each footstep, he  
makes will be in accordance with the best  
all around purposes, and intention. And,

some times, life itself seems to be so  
needful, as if he or she has a list of  
failures, or losses, and tries to rub my nose  
in each of them, *as if his jealous  
resentment, is such that he just can't leave  
me be.* (Or seems to have the commanding  
position, and takes advantage of me.) This,  
might be a difficult listener... someone who  
might be seeking at one ment, or  
redemption, for his or her life of sin... *and  
this, of course, is altogether impossible...*  
but he or she still tries to place his  
demands upon me... and I must soothe this  
trouble... **for sometimes days at a  
stretch... such is the pain of the healing**

**path.** At any rate, this will typically be when some one close to me, will try to overstep their boundaries... or try to emotionally exploit me... like an impoverished, or depraved soul would do. Someone needing attention so bad, that he thinks he has to get it from me... and I then form a set of opinions, about the person... and this just goes round and round. Everybody knows what it's like working with an inconsiderate partner... for we've all been through this, *or been guilty of this ourselves, at some time or another.* At any rate, times like this can be exceedingly frustrating, as nerves get frazzled, and



patience wears thin. At any rate, you can see a common problem... *one person tries, and the other doesn't... just consider... and so you have constant friction, when these two are paired... mindless exploitation, of the relationship.* At any rate, the other day I used a ball point pen and sketched a scene from a photo... nothing special, just an area of grass, twigs, and leaves about eight inches in size... an enlargement of a patch of grass and weeds... a tangled thicket. I sketched it in a landscape orientation, but, when I turned it up vertical, I thought it looked like a rare peek into, what might be a scene, or seance... like from this present

contemporary time... perhaps, from the spiritualist perspective of the noir arena... I called it 'Clair audience,' because of the small figures encompassing what looked like an human ear... around it and above.

The reader can see several discrete distinctions, gathered around some ones' outer ear, like reference points. Just these small, discrete particulars, which might stand for various concerns, perhaps, relevant memories, or associations. A glowering, antagonistic form appears to be bearing down, from above, down upon it all... and he seems to be intent upon forcing his opinion... or conducting his warfare, or

his operation. The scene is idiotic, and lunatic... like the time of war... *when, 'resistance is futile, and mandatory...' a descent into chaos... Something we want to look away from, as it appears to be lacking in sense... but instead gaze, transfixed.* A sample of chaotic natures. Abstract impressionism is usually a glimpse into the contemporary subconscious collective soul... you can bet, these scenes are real upon the inner plane... but they might be hard to pin down, exoterically. People occasionally lean upon abstraction, when answers run too few upon the conscious level... and, some times are just painful,

like this. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, which have drifted through my mind, today. My pen is sometimes revelatory, of distant strife... because, this often seems to have unique pertinence, and relevance, in our inner esoteric life. Relationships, are often imbalanced, and, *having someone at a diss advantage, is often seen to be reason enough, for, then, taking liberties, with that person, or his time, in an abusive, or inconsiderate manner.* This is so much like what brings the monster out of some men... a weaker, or more pacifist associate, who might be less competitive, and hence finds himself

abused. *Have you ever seen how, it can be hard to judge a book by its cover? A pretty face can hide an evil heart!*

At any rate, as our arts and media are the 'spiritual architecture,' of our time... so our nations' leaders, should also work carefully, and seek truth and justice... *just think of the standards set, and examples shown, as our governments have navigated the many issues, of this twenty first century, so far... I*

*think, in many ways, our nations' government branches, have to be so knowledge able, and shrewd... imagine the damage caused by any ethical fudging, on the state, or government level... maybe our*

*state leaderships, have grown to represent the ideal, and serve as guidance... just as the church leaders, are supposed to do, in family and child rearing.* I mean, we can really be proud, of our leaders, as these strong instincts, and carefully considered judgments are what turn troubles of all kinds, away from us, and away from democratic peoples the world over. Being scrupulous, in arriving upon the precisely articulated honest truth is all I know to do, when one is faced with the empty notebook page... *and our lands' leaderships holds to this, too. I hope your lands' leader ship does too.* Well, all for now. Greg

~

*Considering, some of the many ways to  
distract the ordinary thinking mind, from  
this world, and its troubles..., is like, going  
back, in dreams, unto the Middle Ages, or  
other such parallel.*

In those times, people, in a way, knew that  
times were hard... what with, the plagues,  
and fires, and endless war ring, and

feudalism... these people, only had a few outlets, to really pacify their minds... until the fifteenth century, there weren't even any books... (because Gutten burg hadn't invented the printing press) and people sought refuge, in live music... the minstrel trubador past times, and, of course, the theater tradition was strong... and the opera. Ordinary people, who might not have had much money to go to the theater, simply had their gardens, and brewing and drinking wine, and games, card games, and some were craftsmen, and blacksmiths, or made furniture... and, for want of much better to think about, astrology,



metaphysics, and romantic tales, often involving the Cupid archetype, were so very popular. *And, of course, death, and the afterlife, has always intrigued people.* I've for a long time pondered over a good way to describe, or perhaps explain, what happens when someone dyes... and I think, this is my best go yet, at what it's like...

*death is like, getting mothballed, from planned, or un planned obsolescence, and, from then on, having to see everything in a circumspect manner... in order to conform to the tradition... and, being glad, with the rest...* and this is what it's like, going to Heaven. At any rate, this is something,

which has floated through my mind, this afternoon. When someone dies, the world keeps on turning... the traditions stay pretty much the same, from generation to generation. But, from my vantage, I can see how, even 'getting mothballed,' might not describe it sufficiently... *because, the successful magician, will be firm in his ways, and will know how to, for instance, evoke the spirit, of a departed person. And so fourth.* Well, at any rate, this is what I was talking about, 'ways to keep boredom, and strife from afflicting myself.' And, today's peoples are the same... mental health and well being is still a concern, and

we are always trying to keep the darkness from encroaching. Myself, having a lot of curse, in my life... but, a lot of Heaven, too... *and, having allowed my lustiness plenty of free reign, in my youth... and lived with those dreams...* I, for one, can now, for the most part, rest knowingly. But, I'm ashamed, of some of the things I did... *and how can I be a good person, if I'm ashamed of Christ in my life?* You can see, the predicament... but, as I've come very close to death, myself, as well as witnessed death, and violence a time or two... from my post trauma perspective, *having found a great resource, and*

*sustenance in writing, music, and art, I can definitely rejoice, at the good that is. My life is such a success story! Only, the walking was very very difficult, for about five years... the pains and alienation of restless leg syndrome, were very great. But, since then, for instance, the great sense of organization, and hi jean, and sobriety, that has entered my life... just turned around, one hundred percent. Isn't this the work of spiritual socialization and individuation, this gradual finding of ones true self, and blending, into the greater collective, as a more fully realized soul?*

Well, just some thoughts. Greg

~

As one goes to sit afore his or her notebook, or word processor, he finds his center of equilibrium, and receptively attunes with the emerging present moment. While no two moments are exactly alike, one's mind will tend to present similar times, as being examples, of possible ways,

in which the time may develop. In other words, you might think of other times, you have been through in your past, which are somewhat like this present... *these, then, will be your examples, of how things might go.* The best way to advance down your page, sometimes, might just be a kind of 'tossing of the deck of cards into the air,' and letting them fall where they will. *By getting past your writers block, in this way, you will generate a momentum, which can allow further words to form.* As I scan back, in time, I can almost see back before my life... I think, I loved my Great Grand parents lives, and times, so very much... I

must've been reluctant, to leave them, in their waning years, to be born, as their first

Great grand child... I think, life was so much simpler, for them... *going on, ahead, as a new life, must have been a bit of a bewildering so jurn, for me.* Of course, this is speculation... I can't remember those days... but, this is just what might have been... *It can't hurt to speculate.* But, at any rate, times have certainly changed.

Well, we here are very glad, to have some sunshine, this cool morning in early April.

I for one, am about as glad as I can get, to be nearly done with another winter... it seems like, winters here are so very rainy,

and drizzly... it's bad enough being cold,  
but wet too. At any rate, we move along.  
*If you ever wonder, as to just how I've been  
able to keep this journal up and running,  
through the years... this is no accident...  
for my needs are so fully seen unto, by my  
group home family. Since I qualified for  
my disability insurance at age twenty three,  
this is good money, which, is given,  
monthly, to my home management  
company (this was arranged for me, by my  
state health care system, after my having  
found myself in a state hospital... when it  
was time to leave the hospital, this group  
home had an empty bed, and so I was,*



*thankfully, sent here.* Everything else is taken care of, by my insurance money... *and, these people know how to manage health care consumers, like me!)* ... and, they take care of everything else. At any rate. Being of the world, to such an extent... one therefore, will tend to be 'in the world...' *in other words, he will have a store front, with the others, in the busy side of town.* If one uses computers mainly applied toward the fabrication of intelligent AV multi media creations, then this might very well, be like getting '*sold into slavery...*' or, in effect, '*taken to task,*' for something easier said than done... so, don't

ever knowingly weaken yourself, or  
compromise your honesty, for short term  
gratification... like a 'guilty pleasure;' these  
pursuits and types of sensory objects tend  
to shorten my life expectancy,  
enormously... if you don't want to lose a lot  
of your precious time to useless worry, and  
fretting... then stay away from them...  
*you'd only 'lose your cool.'* At any rate, I  
think you'll agree, we here in the Northern  
hemisphere are as ready for this Spring as  
we have ever been. If you want to know  
what children think about, then just stop in  
for a morning or an evening with us...  
we've plenty of child like ways... *only,*

*these are accompanied by a time weathered sensibility, which too, has taken so many lessons, through the years.* At any rate, all for now, Greg. As we were finishing our lunch, just today, my friend just behind me, in line washing our plates and cups, was mentioning our dog scraps... we've got several canines, which hang around our house... hoping, some one will offer them a better home... at any rate, there are nearly a dozen, at different times... my friend directed my attention, unto the way that they sometimes seem to growl, and snap at one another, when there are more dogs, than there are scraps, to go around. I don't

think, he meant anything by it... but, to my ears, it sounded somewhat haunting, in light of the lessons of world history, and as I think of our current supply chain breakdown... without enough food growers, producers, and drivers... to get it to our stores, there's been a lot of inflation, of the prices we were used to seeing. Our lives proceed normally, that is, until there's not enough food or water to go around... in which case, *I've heard it said, any society is four hungry days away from anarchy!* But, my conscience tells me, this is what we have our National Guardsmen, and Homeland Security forces for... to ensure

us against this anarchy... for we've learned from seeing less wealthy countries, during lean times, for instance, it's the countries own governments fault... *having looting and anarchy happen, is just the tell tale signs of an absence of thorough planning... our government should prepare, we think, for eventual shortages... not just of food, but water, and fuel, and electricity, to power our appliances, and our normal existences.* At any rate, we take a lot for granted, this being America... and do trust these open forums, and freedom of speech, and expression, to leave no stone unturned... any and all voices, and

perspectives are needed, and listened unto... *in their own time, they each have lessons to impart.* Well, this is all I have on this, right now, so at any rate, All for now, and have a happy Spring. (*Spring to one, is Autumn to another! This is a hard thing to grasp... but it is very real, and true. Such are the North Hemisphere, and the Southern Hemisphere.*) All for now.

Greg

~

Every once in a while, my interior  
simulacra of human dwelling will happen  
upon a scene of such rare, sylvan beauty...  
it is then, that I feel love for my own self...  
for, only then, will I see, and recognize...  
how, the gray shadow lands, which I may  
have been traversing... maybe for hours on  
end... rising above them, maybe every  
once in a while... to glimpse the sunshine,  
and breathe the salty air... before plunging  
back down into the murky depths of the  
subconscious... *they do work a finery.*  
Seeing how, our ordinary living, whether

we like it or not, is somewhat comprised of these shades of gray... and, dwelling, as one is, in the spaces one calls home, *he or she will have been living through the real fruits, of an idle mind.* But, I tell myself,

'If the good Lord had wanted me to be busy, he or she would have set me on the path sooner... but, as it is, I'm just as grateful to have found something to write about, whenever! *Better late than never.*'

It seems, though, that, this jazz, and blues, can be transmuted into insightful commentary upon contemporary American life... *it's just that the finding of ones moment, to enter the stream of thought, is*



*what can take a while.* So, this is why, it's always important to remember, how, the work of time, through ones life, consists in the developing of the faith, in knowing of how, *no situation is immutable*, and in how one, while being mired in trudging, and melancholy, *may yet be upon the verge of great insight!* It can just be the unseen change, like a distant happy reunion, for instance, which turns the night time, into the day. *It may be only the troubled child, which knows the resiliency, and plasticity, and elasticity, to solve the modern times' troubles... to endure the contorted, torturous gauntlet, and emerge victorious...*

*with such a clean follow through!* At any rate, seeing this way, is the acquired gift, of the work of years and years of inner wandering, and searching. In the long run, it will be the one who knows when the time has come to seize the day, and rise to the occasion, in such concerted manner...

*which will have the means to dispel all doubting and gloom.* As I sit here, writing into this keyboard, and word processor, I am beginning to make out, just ahead, the concluding stanzas of yet another chapter in this book of ideas. The focusing, and directing of one's inner collective resources onto the pages of such a work, is surely as

close as I myself can get unto father hood.  
My wishes, from a young age, have mainly  
been to write successfully, and with results  
and impact... seeing these present words  
come together, so well, and make such  
sense, is something akin unto meeting the  
goal. Only, will I build into the youth, the  
kinds of rugged thorough ness, which can  
weather the storms of life, that may come?  
Even if, this indeed means, leaving no good  
idea un spoken? Instead, incorporating into  
his or her abilities, the forward thinking,  
and intelligence, which is just very  
advanced... out ahead... and while still  
keeping sight of the 'up to the minute'

relevancy and pertinence, (not 'grand standing,') which only the presence of a trusted familiar can bring into a work.

*This will be no mere 'tweedle dee,' or 'tweedle dum,' but hopefully will remain, through out, purposeful and definite; In a world where nothing much ever changes, being articulate to the point of great usefulness, and being of practical value, is something to cherish indeed. And, finally, finding the difference between 'Ay,' and 'Oh,' to be vast, as well... (And, that neither compare to the promises of a risen Savior,) simply apply and make use of my own good sense, more and more often. At any rate,*

all for now, Greg.

~

*'An innocent spirit, born of self respect  
and contentment, is a crucial part of any  
becoming.'*

Greg R. Norton, MUSINGS, Twenty twenty  
two.

This one quote, in particular, leaped out at

me, from my reading this past week.

Maybe, you'll too find meaning in it. To me, this is why, in an un principled youth,

he or she *will tend to give them selves away, by the ignorance and criminality of their behavior.* By the outward appearance, these kids may seem to be keeping up with

the others, and having healthy relationships, more or less. But, when placed under stress, and tried *upon the battlefields of life*, their actions sometimes belie their un developed spirits, and minds.

With myself, as soon as I was old enough to read, *books became just about everything to myself.* This was really what

saved me. My parents, I think, believed, and I did too, *that I could more or less educate myself*, in so many ways, through reading. Growing up, as the only son, of my parents, my bedroom contained not just one, not two, *but three complete sets of some what out dated encyclopedias*. You get the idea... I knew, I might not be the 'sharpest tool in the shed,' but with sufficient reading materials, I always held out great hope, for myself. This, was partly why, my parents were so slow, to realize that their own boy had a substance abuse problem. I was very strong willed... *nothing was going to turn me, from finding*

*and living, a comfortable independent life.*

So, at age fifteen, I knew my job was more important, and so worked all of the years I was able. And, for the most part, aside from my self medicating, **I for the most part, stayed out of trouble.** For this, I am eternally grateful... and proud, of myself, *and my Angels, (My wits being just about all that I had during those years,)* But, back to the story, of un principled youth... just what, goes wrong, with some kids? I mean, there's nothing wrong with good television, but, I myself think that from the age of three, or four... kids should be given things that stimulate their imagination, in a



way that allows them to retain so much knowledge... *as in reading good books.* I

myself, was given the classics, on my parents book shelves, but I spent most of my time reading the Hardy Boys... also, magazines, like *Boys Life*, and *National Geographic*, as well as a young persons

astronomy hobby magazine, which I subscribed unto... when I wasn't reading my *World Book* encyclopedias, I was into one of these magazines. Especially the *Nat. Geo.*, which my family subscribed

unto... also with a twenty five year collection, from the past, of these wonderful magazines... *which we had been*

*given by my Dads parents.* So, if you're wondering how I stayed out of serious trouble, during my in between years, when I was really suffering, with 'restless leg syndrome,' and when I would drink alcohol, and take over the counter pills, like benadryl, or cough syrup, by the bottle, to alleviate these symptoms, of agitation, and diss ease... this is my best reason. *I knew, from this literature, just what constitutes a good person, and just what constitutes a bad person, and these books, including the Bible, revealed all of this to me, from early on...* and so I stayed out of serious trouble. But, this self

medicating went on for more than seven years... and so, you see, there were lots of opportunities, to make serious judgment errors, and do the wrong thing, during this time period, but I didn't. I did, however go to city jail, three times, for shop lifting... as, no matter what you think, store owners always know, when you're in the store for the wrong reasons... *and they will have you arrested, despite your supposed halo.* I

mean, my Mom and Dad, were, hard working, law abiding, tax paying citizens.

They never drank, or took pills, or other substances in front of me. They had me in church from day one. Not to mention, my

years in youth organizations... at age five, or six, my Dad got me in Y-Indian Guides...

Cub Scouts, Weebelos, and Boy Scouts, were right behind, and I've written before

about this good outside camping experience, and hiking... *not to mention, learning to get along with men and other boys, which this good experience brought.*

Other writers, from the time before, or, the time in my parents' nest, were *Issac Asimov,*

*J.R.R. Tolkien,* and *Frank Herbert*... any classic work of literature, is the same thing as the *Bible*, unto the writer who wrote it... these male spirits, really were like my god fathers, during those years. (*Although, I*

*was completely un aware, of their spirits' careful presences!)* And, at any rate, today, in writing, I seem to seek out those stories, which aren't being spoken of, but which comprise so much of current sorrow, or trauma, or drama, in the real sense... back unto, why do some kids go so wrong? Is it lack of strong role models? *I think, it's mainly, lack of good reading!* Simply, for the reasons I listed... being lacking, of strong, en grained knowledge, of '*what constitutes a good person,*' or '*what constitutes a bad person, or a criminal?*' ...Placed in challenging circumstances, where survival is determined, based on

your wits, and engrained knowledge...  
*some guys will reveal, their unprincipled  
natures... giving themselves away, so to  
speak... which the stronger, wouldn't do...  
and, if they survive, may spend the rest of  
their lives, in psychiatric hospitals, or  
prisons.* Because, our society doesn't much  
support, those guilty of civil or criminal  
crimes... *on the home front...* where the  
tests, are certainly very real... and which  
really just happen nearly every day,  
somewhere... much less war crimes, on the  
foreign battlefield. At any rate, I hope,  
through these words, you can see, how  
strong my beliefs are, in the values given

through a course, of reading classic literature, and how important, I feel it is, for young minds to have, and read real books. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

*As I sit to write a few words*, this morning, our sunlight is intermittent, and clouds are trying to clear. I'm thinking of how lucky I am, to be an American, and to be alive in this twenty first century... and, I guess that

this is no accident, by any means... *but the result of a great deal of careful planning, and attention unto detail.* This seems to me, to be the primary, or Gods truth, this morning. *This is something to be happy about, indeed!* But, I tell myself, 'Don't over think it.' At any rate, our birds are talkative, and some are in courtship, and these of course are happy, and bright. As I'm sitting here, I'm turning ideas over, in my mind... I'm just thinking about my life, and the various things which make it so unique... I think, if I had to say, I definitely work best, with a good work reward system. There are some main rewards, in



my life, which provide plenty of motivation, and encouragement. Animals, too, do great with a reward system. For instance, at least one of the stray dogs, here, has a history of having been abused. So, for these particular animals, we try to make the 'bad love,' some how more okay...

to remedy, somehow, the anger and resentment, if I might could offer, a dog might feel... or, *if I can't do this simple thing, then I just feel as if I'm being*

*neglectful.* There's a singer I love, who sings so often about a '*genuinely better future.*' She approaches her lyrics, as if, life itself, is hell... and this, of course, is

contrasted greatly by her words, and music,  
*which are ambrosial, and heavenly...* you  
see, life being the way it is... there's always  
such vast room for improvement. *This  
hell, to her, is her fuel for her creativity.*

So, her art, is her *Victory...* and forever will  
be this, for her. This is what we should  
show any animal, who has suffered abuse...  
and I think, if I can help this cause, to help  
our domesticated animals, *and particularly  
the ones who've suffered, to find their  
Victory... then this is where I have been  
successful.* Oh, but these are musings.  
People aren't the same as animals. But,  
animals feel many of the same emotions

their humans do. So, if I'm to be 'sung to sleep,' I'll have to make sure that the *'Victory is fairly guaranteed.'* This will just have to be part of the agreement... and, this will have to include the domesticated animals, too. For, you see, neighborhood animals have specific needs, *and if nobody claims ownership, of the dog, or cat, then he or she goes without care... and will likely be victimized, and abused, by the other neighbors, who just don't want them in their yard.* If you're the only one who puts scraps out, for the dogs, they'll tend to call your home their home. *But, with no fence, its just down to fate, what the other*

*neighbors will think about them coming in their yard... and, they might be abused, and you might even be held accountable, if one of them happens to cause a wreck, or angrily lashes out, and bites a neighbors child.* And, these types of circumstances, are really intolerable, but avoidable. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, which have floated through my mind, today... the reality we sometimes are faced with, as disabled people... *and, we have to renew our Victory, and remedy this suffering.* As I move through the day, this Saturday before Easter, this year, I enjoy the rare glimpses of sunlight, which find their way through

these clouds... and try to make good sense,  
of this latest writing. Usually, if my  
writer's pen speaks of the time of the  
month, or the environs where I call home,  
it's only in passing... and, in the form of  
incidental details, which give my writing  
color, and flavor. It seems as if my abstract  
ruminations, and philosophic digressions  
are a little bit too dry, and so, then, I try to  
give to them a local flair, and contemporary  
relevance... and so that my memories will  
be more than just a gray wash of  
impressions... more than just a twinkling,  
in memory. If I write of a particular facet,  
or detail of my personal life, *it's probably*

*because of the fact that such detail is  
looming, in my mind, in relevance, to  
myself... or, else I just feel as if I'm losing  
excessive amounts of my inner time, and  
patience, in dwelling around, or about the*

*issue.* At any rate, in the previous  
example, of my writing, this is basically  
what happened... I just found myself  
losing time in worrying over the matter...  
and so, I just incorporated my ideas, into  
this journal. At any rate, having said this, I  
feel as if I should move along, into this  
chapter, and let the matter rest. So, I, too,  
am resting in my belief, that having spoken  
my peace, it will tend to clear itself up, on

its own... and as I've made my views clear,  
and checked in with some of the others,  
*expect some quieting, and resolution, and  
clearing of the matter.* So, it's in this spirit,  
that I'm adding unto these pages in this  
manner. So, at any rate, we get along, into  
this new Spring, and try and trust the good  
system. *What we don't tend to trust much,  
is the weather, Spring sometimes brings, in  
our region...* as we're in the eastern, and  
southern part of our land, our weather tends  
to be a mixture of warm, moist breezes  
from the Gulf, to the due south, and the  
more chilly wends, and breezes from the  
north and west. Often our weather begins

to get rough in the middle of our South, to the Continental west, and then seems to march eastward, as a kind of east wardly moving south west to north east front of moisture, and especially, then, the warm Gulf breezes, then forming the leading edge of a colder air front, and moving or marching east wardly. This kind of transverse shear is usually what causes our tornado problems... and, this being a cyclone pattern, formed from the mixing of cold, dry air from the north west, with the warm, moist air, from the Gulf, to the due south... our area sees some tornadoes each year, and there's usually trouble in the



Spring. Hurricanes, in the Gulf and in the Atlantic, to the east, tend to be more typical in the Autumn... and August through October usually sees these types of cyclones, which tend to move west, and impact either the east coast, of our land, or else find their way into the Gulf waters, to our due south, and impact these states, which are bordered, to the south by the Gulf of Mexico. *And, we're often superstitious, in various ways... after a tornado, or hurricane, people tend to ask of themselves, 'Why did this happen, God?' and, commonly, we assign blame, to our wastefulness, or our pollution... and,*

*sometimes we say, 'We're being punished, by an angry spirit, for our sins, or our miss deeds.'* However we explain these types of

very very bad storms, they seem to continue to occur, and each year, there are more. At any rate, these types of things, form the back drop, so to speak, for our lives, and times... and, who could say, the

eventual corollary of our negative emotions, like pride, or arrogance... for, doesn't Nature put them in their place, the

same as she does our humility, and our meekness? No? You don't agree? Well, then, maybe, then, we should all be voices

of decision, or decisiveness, *and, when*

*approached by bad weather, maybe we  
should make brilliant display, of our  
weather preparedness... so that the storm  
doesn't get any ideas.* Well, these are just a  
few thoughts, this early afternoon, in April.

Whether we're prepared for him, or not,  
death still happens, from time to time, and  
is thought to be '*no respecter of persons.*'  
*If the earth moves beneath our feet, we'll  
see lines completely crossed... health,  
wealth, status... all are equal... as,  
preparedness, is just our main concern.* At

any rate, I seem to deal with toil, and  
difficulty, for a day or two, before, at last,  
getting myself back to work... writing, or

piano playing being my main outlets... this gain, then keeping me happy, again, for a week or more. It's just the knowing, of when to return to the piano, or word processor keyboard, with new ideas... this initiative is something to learn, and develop. Anyways, the more I think about some things, the larger, and worse they tend to become, in my mind. So, then, I should refrain from becoming insistently negative, or overly critical, of my brother or sister, as this tends to be thought of as mental illness. (For myself, this occurs, periodically, and can usually be remedied by finding something better to think about,

like new creative work, or by getting out of doors... *I almost always enjoy the solitary time spent in the back yard, of our home, or in the smoking shed, reading or playing my jukebox.* But weather can be a concern.) At any rate, my reader can hopefully see some of the complexities, and nuances of a path of writing, or music, or art... and will, hopefully be tolerant, in seeing that writers tend to over think... *and that just because one is mired in trudging, and mental labor, doesn't mean, that he or she isn't on the verge, of great insight.* It might just be the unseen development... *like a distant happy reunion,* which opens

the gates of emotion, and feeling, *and one then drinks the clear, clean water from the well spring... for to quench his thirst.*

What do you think? Well, all for now,  
Greg.

~

When at once one goes unto the empty page, of a notebook, or word processor display, he or she may find himself drawn

back, time and time again. As I sit to write, here this afternoon, *I am conscious of the good work, which has come through my pen, just recently.* If a person wishes to glean insight, into the diaphanous strands, and subtler currents of thought, which he or she can perceive at the periphery of his eyesight... then, poetic expression, might be the answer. As I walk along the shore of manifest appearances, with the lapping waves of the subconscious ocean, at my feet, and the infinite sky of unconscious vastness stretching out above, I'm reminded of earlier writing... *as more than once, I've referenced unto this three way triad, or*

*junction of stimuli.* As my hands move over my word processor keyboard, I indeed feel myself to be a *dancing sprite*, at the heart of my being... Am I writing these words, or are they, in fact, writing me? This is a good question, and I but wish to let inner guidance lead the way... into greater understanding, and richer meaning.

If there were a thorn in my side, which were causing me grief and discontentment, I might would not be able to simply receive the blessings of a peaceful spirit... I would wish the thorn removed, first, and then receptively attune, within my higher consciousness. *So, during times when this*



*type of thing is shown, some souls will fall away, from the growers hand, and will come to rest on the stony ground, and perish. But, some will fall onto fertile soil, and the rains' nourishment causes them to take root, and flower into fullness. Anyone can see this simple analogy. The period of time gets easier, and the walking resumes normally... and the fruits again are brought to maturity... but, this process is made difficult, by the presence of the thorn, in ones side. Again and again, the presence of the thorny impingement has drastically shortened the life of some... as those ones may lack resilience. But, the other nine*

hundred and ninety nine souls do fine, and  
continue prospering, and bringing forth  
good fruit. *But, there is the one one  
thousandth, which the Good Shepherd must  
go back for, and locate.* So, at any rate,  
this manner of speaking, in metaphor, and  
allegory, is the only really good way, to  
describe the present difficulties. *If there  
were an easier way to portray the present  
time, I would have found it.* At any rate, it  
can help, in soul work, to see ones' astral  
field, as having a right and left hemisphere,  
with a sort of seam, or cleavage, or  
boundary line running down the middle...  
where the two hemispheres meet, and are

joined. Maybe this will help the reader to perceive, the inn sub stantiality of most of his or her mental pains and aches. And, I'm glad to be able to offer this kind of guidance... as I myself am shown, I'll in turn show you, and then we'll both know. And, isn't this in the nature of this stream of consciousness, or improvisational writing... *this kind of shewing, from the typists eye, mind, hand circuit unto the readers consciousness?* Each, together, are upon the path of receiving, and learning... a 'coe creation,' or *partner's dancing*, for want of a better term. And, this requires an inner guide, within the typist... this

'Grandmother Spider,' her presence, brings forth the stronger writing. The energy of two is altogether different from the energy of one alone. This do add, in turn, is enlivened and given purpose, by the consciousness of the third presence... *the receiver*. These three, in effect, are at the heart of all becoming. At any rate, I sit here writing, this cloudy, chilly morning in mid April. As we await the sun, and the warmth this time of year usually brings, I am playing, and recording some light piano... It's nice to have two or three projects running simultaneously, *and be thereby able to bring victory, from out of a*

*loss.* **'The Age of High Aesthetic,'**  
sometimes leaves the jazz purist wanting,  
for something more spiritually uplifting...  
something with inner dialogue... *which*  
*talks the language of souls.* And, with  
rhythmic precision, comes unrealistic  
esoteric conversations. So mine has  
remained organic, and flowing. (*Oh, but*  
*don't quote me there.*) At any rate, I've  
found, that nearly everyone else's musical  
projects are bright, new, and joyful... but,  
mine alone appear gray, and drab... *partly*  
*because, of this relationship, I have, unto*  
*the existential ground of being.* My own  
self, is the only one that I can't very well

see... and if I'm to pick between someone else's work, and my own, *the others always sound to me so much more professional*. At any rate, I hope my reader can see, and glean a few facets of impressions, and ideas, from this writing... and, how this time is a lot like, '*picking berries, with a thorn in my side*.' Or, something like that, anyway. Well, all for now, Greg.

Finding meaning, and purpose in our lives, isn't solely a modern, contemporary calling... *peoples have always sought wisdom, and discernment*... I was brought

up in a Christian family, and derived all of my philosophy from therein. But, I sensed I was missing something. At an occasion, darkened by the foolish ways, and ignorance of my youth... *my familiar, established meanings began hearing other voices, and hearken ing to other calls.* I began investigating the New Age section, of my book store, and library... that was always where you could find me. I found, that there are many ways that our society emulates, or partakes of, for instance, Buddhist philosophy, or Eastern Mysticism. The idea of 'right living,' or the Eight fold Path, asks of us to consider a checklist of

good qualities, and compare, if ours meets the criteria. Even as I sit here, at my word processor keyboard, this sunny Thursday in

late April, my mind considers just how common elements of Asian philosophy, are interspersed throughout our modern world.

*Wu Wei, or the principle of 'Non Doing,' or inaction, is built into most any*

*administrative management, although it may not go by that name.* In a sense, this is

a conscious allowing of time to pass... in other words, an 'acting, only in accordance with nature, and at it's pace.' *An Western*

*way of expressing this, is 'If something doesn't come as easily as leaves on a tree,*



*in Spring, then it had better not come at all.'* So, you can see, in a way, the better part of my conscious living... how important this concept is... this seeking, and following of wisdom. Most wisdom we have today, in the West kind of starts with the *'I'm okay, you're okay,'* premise, and we're reminded throughout New Age thinking, how, *'we are completely well, and whole already, no special practice is required, and peace, happiness, and abundance is always found within the human soul... where one already is.'*

Another kind of non doing we sometimes go by, is, I think, homeopathy. This study,

or philosophy uses inaction, in peek ing a patients' own natural defenses to a pathogen, by administering controlled amounts of the same pathogen... usually only a small amount... and thereby starting the body's own natural defenses. In writing, as in all theater, to illustrate a point, we act out, or use simulated events, and exchanges, to help our imaginations' visually, or cognitively understand, and apprehend, or learn from, to prevent, or solve puzzles which can, or might develop in the real world. Everyone knows these sorts of things... just speaking of them in a common manner... or, writing using the

'unspoken vernacular,' the language of the mind... this being what I am talking about. At any rate, you can see into, and around, some of the many ways to use suggestion, and impressionism to create a subtle effect, or spin... especially when the writing is spoken, and listened back unto... the more we understand the limitless potentials, and ways of the human mind... and of the audio matrix, the air... the more freedom we feel, and experience, then, in any linear flowing. Haven't you seen, how even the slightest nuance, of expression, when employed carefully, can give such a drastic effect... the subtlety, of modern film

making, or cinema... what matters, is the  
artist's or writer's thoughtfulness and  
intention... **because that's what the viewer  
then reads.** At any rate, a viewer or  
listeners' defenses might easily be  
invoked... or polarized... so isn't it true,  
that we can see and find homeopathy in  
many common locales, and  
implementations? At any rate, these are  
just a few ideas, of ways in which to think.

To be sure, we need always to find  
constructive, and illuminating ways to  
think... *especially, in times such as the  
recent present...* just today, I went in search  
of parables, and fables, and found myself

looking up Uncle Remus, and Aesop. Both of these figures, are pretty legendary, in our land, and children are usually exposed unto both. I remember reading of Br. Rabbit, and the Tar Baby, and the other animal characters... and, I mean, there's this sense, I often have, of how, *'If I were to happen upon the right meanings, or combinations of words, or messages... then, good understanding would take the place of my doubts, and fears, and certitude and knowledge would replace any sense of helplessness,'* and there's the sort of sense of how, being *'at the mercy, of an antagonist, who, my every fiber tells me, is*

*in the process of making his or her bed, through brutality, and hostility... and will then have but to lay in it!' See, then, the honest truth, my mind has just happened upon, and how my mind, and discontentment has been placated? This is an example of how we should conduct ourselves... we should seek the truth, and honesty, and self honesty, as well... and this pursuit, should be a top priority... and find our peace, from within this 'following of truth.'* I guess, we look unto our entertainment media, for starters, to reveal honest truth unto ourselves... reading, and consulting scriptures, are other ways, as is

the attending of church, and listening to a minister's sermon. But, our lives are often like, a 'search for meaning.' I know mine is. *The one looking for light, might not find much, and must provide his own illumination... the light often must come from within the very one who is seeking, that light.* But, there are a vast range of media, and types of literature... much of our modern television, is quite esoteric, and suggests, often, that all we need, is found within our very own souls. So, gone are the days, when we looked for 'quick fixes,' speaking for myself, *passage of time, alone, can impart wisdom...* and our

youths really should be informed of this reality. Well, this is about all I have on this, at the present, I'll wrap this essay up, and put it with the others. All for now,  
Greg.

~

As I was passing the time, this past Monday morning, I sketched another



'hidden image' type of drawing. This is where, I find a close up photo of a patch of vegetation, usually grass and weeds, and sketch it, at landscape orientation. Then, when I get the sketching at where I want it,

I turn the photo vertical, into portrait orientation, and, am surprised by what I see... *sometimes, to find a 'hidden image' leaping out at me.* (This works, not every time, though,) This effect, to me, is just amazing... and is just ample proof, (when it works- and it usually does,) of an angelic power, and, which is just outside of my conscious field of awareness. *Such power tends to be working my life into fullness,*

*and mastery, even when I myself might not even be conscious of, or believing in, this goodness, but which only becomes revealed, when I change my perspective, in a novel way.* We all have angelic guidance, and protection, and I tend to like it, when I find artistic or creative proof of this fact, from within my own work. This is like finding, 'This life of mine, is always a kind of 'living proof,' of God's grace, only I'm usually unaware of this simple fact.' *After all, 'God is greater than any problem I might have,'* and I'll always cherish this truth, amid my week to week struggles, and the ways I find such to be revealed. At any

rate, I sit writing, this good Wednesday morning. Here, where I am at, we are experiencing gusty breezes, and our sun is beaming down. *The gentle effect, of a cup of coffee or two, is like a comforting blanket, around me, this cool morning,* and I sit listening to this earlier audio book. The world we inhabit, might not tend to give up many secrets, about the future times, which we may, or may not see, and experience... in various ways... there may not be much conclusive reassurance... but, through getting this writing done, I'll then, at least have this writing... no matter how 'the future' might go, (as we perceive it,)

I'll at least be happier with my writing... I'll be just this much farther along. At any rate, some of my earlier writing, is so very full of good ideas, I wonder, if my recent writing, is as good. I just remind myself...

at this moment... there are an infinite number of paths one might take...from any given point... no fewer paths than in my earliest beginnings, onto these pages. Just when you think, your ways have gotten narrow, and exclusive... *there will be a breakthrough, into much greater light, and understanding...* I might only have to go the distance, gracefully, *to know the great benefits, of an awakened mind, and art.*

Yet, along the down times, for instance,  
ones mind may be going through a  
particularly chaotic spell, others might  
wonder... you can never really know... it  
might be, as if the Devil is throwing his  
powers at me, and I have constantly to  
beware... and, this requires time and  
patience, to go around, these obstacles...  
and, too, reading back at any given piece of  
writing, a reader might wouldn't know, how  
challenging... how confounding, the time  
might have been... difficult walking... *one  
might not would know!* When this seems to  
be shown, one simply must remember, that  
times like these, which we sometimes find,

require an impartial, detached sort of mind, and perspective... *when this is so, one then passes through easily.* (My problem is, though, my heart, is usually too 'on my sleeve,' and, *I've always been like this, you see!*) The more I sit, and dwell around a thing... the larger, and worse it appears to grow, in my mind. Yet, through advancing incrementally, you'll gradually move your discussion along. There's a thought I have found, in an internet forum, recently, which goes something like, ***'We're obliged, to meditate upon Providence.'*** Some times, and situations, tend to be evil, and, quickly turn to evil, at every step... this is when we

have to remember this saying... when this seems to be happening. *'We're to remember our Providence.'* (Providence, means provided help, and blessings. The food on our table.) So, I should emphasize, *'My needs have been met... and will continue to be!'* At any rate, I sit out here in this little outdoor shed, and trying to write these thoughts, into this word processor keyboard... and as I am doing this, the problem of evil seems pernicious. This has been a particularly vexing week, or two, for myself, and I am looking forward to getting through this writing 'tunnel.' *(But, this might be some of the best, and most high*

*functional writing, that I might ever be given!)* Well, I hope you can find these simple ideas. Just today, we have been given blessings... (our weekly store trip, and pizza meal,) and I'm feeling grateful, and full filled. *I hope your Providence is as sufficient, as ours is.* All for now, Greg

~

As I sit down, to collect my thoughts, this



dreary looking morning in late April, this year, I'm conscious of the pleasant moods, and general ease, I feel today. I'm reminded of one of my most favorite sayings, which goes something like, '*If you feel good, you can do good.*' And, with the mild sort of homeo stasis, in temperature, felt at the surface of my skin... the feeling of balance, is plain to my perceptions. As we get along, into this day, our skies appear to be clearing... so, I get some sun on my face, outdoors, while listening to my latest piano recordings. The sense of stasis, at my skin surface, is a kind of 'mirage' and, I think, has more to do with a

sort of pre ponder ance of developments,  
and phenomena, which are simply entirely  
outside of my sphere of influence... *such  
tends to nullify, and neutralize any sigh  
kick pre science... or any sense that my  
thoughts, might save the day... so my inner  
parallax, of difference, tends to dissolve.*

At any rate, when we think we've got the  
inner realm 'figured out,' this is a good sign  
that we simply do not. We definitely have  
our upps and downs, along the course of  
any average day. It is, of course, easy, to  
think of getting along with everyone, every  
day, and in every way... *but, in practice,  
this is much easier said than done.* While,

we all have our own individual, unique causes, and reasons for being, *this is not the end of the story*. We each have our own unique individual strategies... in coping with the stressors, that do come our way in life... *every day, not just any one day*. So, it therefore follows, that someones' feelings get hurt, most every day. These are weird times we are living in. So, get over weird. People act weird, at home. This is just my thinking on the matter. *You'll see so much better, in the eventual sweet by and by, because, you'll see right inside, the heart and soul, and you won't be so bothered, or threatened by the funny things, other*

*people say and do.* And, they hopefully will be more prepared to accept you, for your uniqueness. So, and this always, works both ways. At any rate, you can see, how we sometimes go out of our way, to understand, the ways of others... they would do the same for you... and one hopes, these strategies are effective, in easing us along into the future, and that we find, and show understanding, where it is needed... this will hopefully, allow the time to clear, *and then on to the next thing.* I returned home, from a visit to my parents house, this afternoon. I realized, as I always do, how, it's so good to have just

one little part of the world... even if it's just  
my study corner, on my side of our room...  
*where my income has secured me a place,  
to call my own space.* I think, I would soon  
loose my mind, with out some place, with a  
roof, to call home. *At any rate, I'm glad to  
be back in my own bed.* I was thinking,  
about the ways, of how our inner  
experiences, sometimes seem to be a  
function, or a corellary, of someone's, or  
anothers' past, present, or future... or  
mine... or a mixture of the three... *or of my  
relationship unto them.* While I am resting,  
in my bed, I might be going through an  
experience, given from the 'downward

frictional societal pressure,' which I'm left to deal with, for instance, after a fate has fallen, and, the devil has 'played his cards,' in light of an animistic representational mal

association, *(which I'm left with, after I have, like the sick moth, flown inn advert tent lee into the bright lantern flame... or stepped right into a mud puddle, as it was in my path,)* in my life experiences. So, you can see, if you try, this will have likely been a crisis in the past, or of the past. A break in the past. But, this past crisis, is influencing, or affecting my experience, in this present. *(Broken.)* So, my present, is altered, by an imagined, or real mal

association, within the past. (*Or within my perceptions, or appreciation, of the past! As in, the mistaking of the painting of the flower, for the flower itself.*) Having these factors, at play, I then sometimes become susceptible to an altered, or affected future mal association, or negative experience, of my perception of some such future. This future, then echoes back, unto my present...

causing anxiety, or distress, within this present. This should show you how, or is just a sample of some of the factors which can, or sometimes do, shape our inner home life experience. *I think, that you effology is a science, or study, which can help*

*us in dealing with these sorts of 'altered states,' which eventually come, attendant to most any creative life path... and, you eff*  
*ology, is to me, the best way to see, and overcome these types of phenomena.* I have seen a lot of phenomena, and this is usually the best way to understand them. When, sometimes, a hostile agent, or elemental, repeatedly crosses the semi permeable cell wall membrane... this type of study, can show, easily, how a 'not self,' is anything which is alien, or foreign, to one's inner eleysieum, and which affects such inner consciousness, via the 'third eye,' membrane, or the 'sixth sense,' in general,



or is apprehended from the vantage of the pineal gland. At any rate, these are areas, which are generally thought to be imaginary, and which sometimes are more or less pronounced, inwardly... *and are also spoken of, as being like, the place, 'Where my future settles its differences,' in a very general sense.* Any display of weather preparedness might include the above kind of '*auric sub radiance*' emanation, and this, hopefully, will send the bad weather away, or around. To gain protection from the bad storm, simply take the likeness of a bad storm... *and these are my thoughts upon this.* All for now, Greg.

~

*Why, pray tell me, would you miss  
adventure into difficult natures of God? I  
ask to myself. Well, to answer... with our  
weather, there's no effect, either way.*

*Weather is weather.* So, I don't necessarily  
think that this is what's bothering me. But,  
there's some slightly bothersome political  
realities, at play... and, I think that, if I'll  
break it down, and just exist with myself...  
irrespective of the need to please, or be

pleased... I'll see inside the antagonist, or  
'dictators' mind. But, what does that do?  
*It diss mantels the fear, and mystery... and  
diss spells the feeling of powerlessness,  
that tyrants produce.* Now, see, to me, I  
am really living, and at the helm of my own  
existence. But, isn't this the dictators view,  
then? *But, why would any sane person toss  
aside the blessings of twenty first century  
living, and join the 'outlaws?' and the  
'outcasts?' and the 'despots?'* This is my  
question. So, for myself, I always wish to  
get myself out of the ditch, and back on  
stable ground... and not linger where my  
presence is unwanted, but get back on to

my 'safety, ' and sanity... back to my life.  
*So I've shown you what I think any human nature would do.* So there, you know.  
Case closed. *Criminals are alien entities, and, anyone persisting in crime, is an alien entity.* Take slavery, in America, for instance. Who can be blamed? Aliens. A bad mean streak? Aliens. Does that make sense? I think so. **Well, at any rate, you see, how the sinner, always turns back to face the light.** While, people's beliefs are varied, we can agree, usually, on our lands legal codes, and upon international law. So you won't see world crime, going unpunished, forever. Because of the written

law codes, which every modern land goes by. So you'll see this, directly... around the bend, there's justice. *Always... it never fails.* And, so you also won't see rouge powers, holding onto despotic control, of the worlds attention indefinitely.

Eventually, the light will shine on you... whoever you are. And, I just had to write these thoughts out, to affirm and confirm what I believe, with you, and with a broader time frame, around the bend. Well, we're finally getting some good sunny weather! This morning, I feel, I got myself good. Plenty light, and good feelings. Outside with the trees, and the animals.

Trees metabolize carbon dioxide, which our breathing produces, so, it's a good match.

And, there's no need for any further despotism. So, I'm getting 'back to the sunny side' of the road, and you should too.

At any rate, I've really never seen better times, than these have been... so graced with the gifts of the Ascended Masters, like binary communication, and record keeping.

My hand held, pocket sized keypad, with internet access gives me more personal power, than humans ever thought possible, at any time previously, in this epoch. *So, discarding this present world's peace, as 'un wanted,' or chafe, is mind less woe...*

*idiocy... if ever there was.* You've got dumb, dumber, and dumbest... paired against the sharpest strategies, and most well thought through civilization, that ever has been... period. Only, do we need to spell it out, in the literal sense, for you to get the idea? (Maybe, by talking the Devil through, his nagging doubts, around his reason for being, he will relinquish the reins, of the cart, which is perilously close to the edge.) At any rate, these are my thoughts, this sunny morning in May, in my land. *It's indisputable, how the past, present, and future, are something like, three aspects, of one whole.* The past,

makes the future, and the future, creates, or allows, the present. All of time, is one ceaseless changing whole, where all space is unified. Very small, forms a continuum, which loops around to join hands with very big... as the double helix... this pattern is at the heart of all life on Earth. Well, having thought, and written this way many times before, my reader should know, then, the way I believe, for I've kept it no secret. At any rate, all for now, Greg.

~



As, the night is a harsh, and possessive queen, it really necessitates a free spirit, to break the spell. There had been some dark, haunted days and nights... under the sign of a ghost. This has been a great power, but like the power of the Hobbits magic ring, it seems to demand the soul relinquish its wandering. *A silvery Eternity, like a Gods spell, can't be just thrown off, or risen above.* One's life, is the property of Jesus. With the spirit of the heavens trying to lift me up, it's necessary for a man to be firmly grounded, and remain focused on standing firm. One is an upward pulling force... the

other is a downward pulling force. *As a  
trance, such is in the captivity of a ghost.*

As, I move through my days and nights, I  
find there is plenty of warmth, and comfort,  
with my gaze fixed upon my familiar.

*Outside of myself, is only emptiness.* There  
are just as many ways to justify remaining  
within, as there are stars in the sky. So,  
ever drawn into the mystic eye, such is the  
endlessness of the inner dream. As I sit  
and brain storm, over metaphors for seeing  
this strong inner light... the music  
accompanying my writing is hypnotizing,  
in its soothing, and reassuring rhythmic  
phrasing. This time, at my word processor

keyboard, tonight, is some of the beneficial fruit, of this happy artistic relationship.

*I've had enough of ambiguity... it is time to come out strongly in favor of our pairing.*

If there's nothing else, really, that I know, I know you, and your reassurances. I wandered so aimlessly, life filled with sin.

I wouldn't let my dear savior in. *But, seeing a light so endless, allows me to cast aside all doubt.* This time has been very comforting. A soft rain begins to fall, and still I am held in the gentle embrace. I hope these few words will remedy the doubt, and quieten the questions, around thick and thin. The odds of a bad storm

affecting our street, especially, are very small. *So having looked into the crystal, find now, more hope than before.* Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and get to bed. All for now, Greg.

AS ONE GOES TO SIT BEFORE his or her word processor, and think of possible answers, unto the day's puzzles, he or she sits, and peers inwardly. Just by starting a flowing, down the page, effectively starting some conversation... *a person quickly grasps many, many ideas, and possible*

*areas, of investigation.* When, one is in reasonably good standing, and the prevailing contextual environments are gentle, and sensitive unto the common human situation, which every one is enfolded within, then he or she can think, in a healthy manner, onto the page. This definitely allows one to grow nearer unto the other important familiars, and families, about one's person. *Just in main taining a healthy relationship, with his or her various significance ees, upon this inner, cognitive plaine, your worst mental problems, will tend to evaporate.* At any rate, I have come to understand, how

artists, or producers... engineers, and stylists of all kinds, all tend to be their own worst critic. The Surrealists, of the twentieth century art movement, are thought of as having been this way, and I think, *in life, anyone... not just visual artists, but anyone might be called to employ this paranoid critical thinking.* Since the industrial revolution, we in our society, have been innovators. Any new production, whether it be artistic, or as in any new, or innovative commodity, or product, or service... *the thing, at first, will be novel, and seem to be occupying a large part of one's fore ground.* (For its principal

designer, any defects will, of course, loom larger.) But, here's the good thing.

Through the passage of days and weeks, such inner preponderance (soul searching) tends to reseed, into the back ground. *This will always tend to balance a perceived problem, or issue, and the high areas will be lowered, and the low areas will be raised... this, to me, is the gentle work, of a loving supporting spirit, or better half, spiritually speaking.* The spirit of love, is like, the counter part, of time. While our physical persons are largely made up of atoms, and molecules, this matter has also a spatial, expansive, intelligent presence, in

life, in the form of our spirits, and souls...  
*the spaces inside are what the usage of the vessel consists in, and depends upon. (Lao Tzu)* And, we as people aren't just lifeless earth... we're enlivened, and animated, by life force... which is tied closely into the vast spaces which comprise the universe, and which appear to billow, or expand, away from every singular point, in space time. It may be the presence of matter, or mass, in an object, which forms, like a bellows, or pump, this upward, and outward expansion, of this billowing space. Space and time are two sides of the same totality, and any living being, it would



seem to me, is, in effect, at the heart of this goodness... this endless expansion, and becoming. *Such are the potentialities, and possible intersections, of a life.* All life is sacred, and especially human life. One might see every atomic particle, or wave point, as an individual consciousness, which, when joined with the other wave points in the organism, forms, at best, a manifold human consciousness. When times get harder, a person will be quick, to mentally criticize him or her self... *suddenly adopting the view, that everyone around, is so much better, and that he alone is bee reft.* 'The grass is greener, on

the other side,' and ones' good given blessings, are basically good for nothing. This is a human problem, which I am very familiar with... when the other real people around him or herself, give in to this self criticism, the person sometimes finds himself rudely treated... his boundaries crossed, or violated, by someone close to him. At any rate, these 'surreal' forms of self criticism, while being inner direction pointers, which can be focused, into the perfection, of ones work... they in general will not be valid criticism, on the exo teric plaine. *What is this 'paranoia?'* What I think it boils down unto, is an 'over

thinking,' of ones' existential situation... *a type of 'fear of death,' we sometimes take on, as inadvertently, life becomes a little too much... and a person becomes set upon with this fear, of excess life, or of his or her death.* Illicit drug usage, among many other things, when taken to extremes, will usually bring on these types of self critical patterns. *When employed artistically, or creatively, though, these patterns become what's known as 'soul searching,' and any quest of this sort, will usually not rest, until the soul is content, that he or she has solved the problem, to the best of his ability.* At any rate, you can see, one

definite use, or purpose of self doubting,  
and self criticism... *searching until you're  
confident you've looked at, and seen the  
matter, from all relevant perspectives.*

Paranoia, I've heard it said, is the '*thoughts  
of a loving God.*' (More like it, an angry,  
*stern God.*) There are many vanguard  
technologies in our modern world, and it  
may help yourself to see God as having  
thoughts, *sometimes questions, and  
unknowns too...* like innovators always do.

Any half heart ed effort, too, usually  
becomes intensely criti cised... and the  
artist or craftsman is usually his own best  
critic. **Throughout the world, these half**

**heart ed works, entail the makers own  
defeats.** What I think we should do, is find  
our comfortable zone, where good work is  
abundant, and comes easily, and freely.

This is like the plumber, or electrician, who  
has steady work, and who is licensed, and  
competent to do that work... *not just in a  
hit and miss fashion, but right every time.*

A person, getting lost, in ones profession,  
and staying in such good work, becomes  
something like, the Rip Van Winkle story...

before you know it, the goal is  
accomplished, and life's race is run. The  
opening few chapters, into the adult  
proficiency, however, can be quite lost, *and*

*many are there who don't make it past the  
potions, and powders of young adulthood.*

Well, all for now. I'll send this writing  
along your way, now. Greg.

~

For a glimpse into the sometimes changing  
mind of God, *I rely upon the path of  
improvisational writing.* If one had to  
distill the thoughts of the moment, what  
would they be? Through attenuating with  
the encompassing fabric of sub cultural

narratives, and thinking, ones' path will usually appear pretty clear. What would be the first thoughts out, this morning? Just in placing hands upon the keyboard, or taking up one's pen, and paper, you will then be receptive, to whatever should emerge, idea wise. You should remember, how, fear based thinking, won't really work... for it takes a very circumspect perspective, to write well. *Don't let yourself get corralled into unqualified assumptions, about ones time, but instead remember the fullness of real peace.* I think, you'll find, as I have, that kids need real child hoods... not only with real books, but with security, and

freedom from worry, around the adult world. I just don't see how, you can raise happy, psychologically healthy kids, if there are worries around the Dad's ability to provide and keep and maintain shelter... or around the Mom's competence in the kitchen. In my growing up, I simply never worried about my parents concerns, *and I was left almost entirely to my dreams, and inventions.* I did, however have chores, pretty early, and Dad always made sure I had some good way to contribute to the keeping up of our household. For me, taking out the trash, and bringing in firewood, were the two chores I remember



most. And at around age nine or ten, my Dad began putting me in charge of keeping the grass trimmed, on our seven acres of land. So I learned how to ride a small tractor, and learned about economizing my time, to make the job as easy as possible. I was also given an allowance, for doing these chores. *But, the idea I would relate, is in how I was given nearly complete freedom to learn about my imagination... mainly through books, and reading. But, all of this goodness, only after my chores were completed.* So, now, you can just glimpse real psychological well being... not the mixed up, paranoid, fear based world,

which, it is thought, the internet, sometimes fosters. So, it is really a big question... *and, I think, kids will be developing a sort of researchers' intuition, and scientists' eye for the scientific process... in the experimenting with, and eventually in the developing, of their own new media.* This really involves familiarizing of ones self with his or her psychic faculty, *learning about, and following of their inner direction pointers, or intuition, which having the internet usually begins.* The question is, will the child find and begin to tap into his or her inner artistic latten cees, and leanings?

Will his en choir ees, and investigations bear good fruit? *And, the internet is so vast... a young person will seek for some methods to access it, strategically.* This is really what we have to foster, and ensure. Just not excessive worry, no matter what...

for this fear emotion, and worry will be plainly apparent to a child. So, remember this sense of well being, and try to keep fear based thinking out of the home. Any way, I've been thinking, more and more, about my own getting '*Back to the Garden.*'

*This, is something akin, unto grown up code word for rest and relaxation... this return, in spirit, unto the simplicity, and*

*innocence of childhood, in my parents house.* I guess, that, this is wrong, this nostalgia, for childhood, but there's just a few visuals, I've saved away, from a pretty good childhood, up to a point... but these serve mainly as mandalas, of sorts, for the dispelling of the strange emotions, of fear and paranoia... it seems to help, to replace these spatio spiritual night mares with, good remembrances, from the most idyllic memories of youth. *Like being stretched out on the carpet reading encyclopedias, or playing my favorite records, on my little player.* Given a mind of my own, I also, have a spatial consciousness, which

extends all around my person, into the environment, wherever I'm at... this is the space, where the corrosive emotions, of fear and self loathing, seem to try and take hold of my attention span. And, these are mainly, just annoyances... *but, I still try, the best I can to diss pell these distracting feelings...* these, to my understanding, can likely be seen, in the past present future context... journeys of youth are so many...

In my part of the world, weather is the most usual culprit. *My mind, and consciousness, are a 'weather vane,' to be sure. But I used to put myself through a paranoid 'wash cycle,' smoking marijuana,*

*when I should have been studying. This went on five years. This is common, these days. But, don't think, for a minute, that my rather strange spatio spiritual consciousness, right now, has any claims, upon the freedoms, and vast mysteries, and un stoppable curiosities, of young people, today. My older world, has little or no bearing upon the visions and vitality of youth. But, these prickly, self loathing, fear esters seem to have a kind of five or so year time frame... like, I should know a lot more, around the bend. But at my present, I'm so focused upon making usage of my talents... having these things, fairly well 'in*

*store,' and being proffered of 'sharing my gifts,' the time, for me, is surely now. At any rate, I'm feeling the inner sunshine, tonight... I guess my medicine is working right. Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way now. Greg*

~

When one wishes to tune into the 'unspoken vernacular,' happening constantly, within the inner conversation, as one has been allowed in, he or she sits before his word

processor, or notebook, and awaits subtle  
impetus. Sometimes, our memories are just  
like a scrap book, of snippets, and  
clippings... *and thinking of the recent past,*  
*is like a flood of clippings, and*  
*impressions.* One wants to hold more  
tightly onto these clippings... and locate the  
hidden order, and inner meanings.

Sometimes, there's just a wash, of recent  
memories. A record I downloaded... a  
recent project, completed... these are very  
nice things, memories from my recent  
past... goals met, happiness shared. *I'm*  
*inwardly thanking myself, for having a*  
*benevolent spirit, about my life... over my*



*ways.* So, dealing with recent loss, in the greater world... at least, my world seems to be in good working order. For this I'm grateful. At any rate. Today's weather, where I am, is just perfect... the temperature, and cool, moist air feels like a day at the beach. I sat to try and write, this morning, before anything else. I've got a lot to be thankful for... this is true. Writing thoughts out, like this, is a blessing in itself... so, maybe you'll see, as I have, how sorting through, and working out your own thoughts, on the external media, lends unto your life, a knowledge, and the benefits, of that knowing. These include, a more of a

gracefulness, and better self confidence...

especially, as some times have been difficult... having your thoughts already worked out, on paper, *gives to yourself, a greater definition, and better place in the world.* At any rate, I sit and meditate, going over what might read well, and trying to get it closer to honest truth. It's easy to take good writing for granted... but, I can remember days when, as a child, I had no route unto an original mature voice... All I knew were children's games... there was no good *conscious guidance* for me... until I was allowed into the inner conversation. This made all the difference.

As I sit, and mull over these ideas, I'm inwardly glad, for this good quietude, and for the small part I'm given to play, in the larger world. *Such amounts to a fullness and sense of purpose.* Many are there, I'm sure, who would gladly change, with me. I can easily remember, telling myself, 'It's all magic at the top.' But, closer to the truth,

twenty years later, it's easy to see, everything hinges, upon your relationship with God. And, I would say, *upon the forgiveness you're willing to show yourself, for things outside of your control.* At any rate, when you do remember your own self... *when you can really see yourself*

*through... thick, and thin, you'll hopefully see, our predicament here upon Earth, as mortals... the best way to help yourself, is to just sit and be, and receptively attune, unto the splendor happening all around...*

**we're so limitless, in the span of our lives... 'Our only limitations, are those which are self imposed.'** At any rate.

Well, you can easily see my thoughts, on these things. *Isn't it our self imposed*

*limits, which keep us back from experiencing our own vastness...* maybe, if our own artistry were more liberal, we'd really match our true potential. We'd *'Rise up upon eagles wings, and fly.'* Well, all

for now, Greg.

~

When one sits, to try and attune with the encompassing subtle *wave lengths* all about him or her self, he looks beneath the surface of the page, bringing quiet spirits inward... and conjoining with the interior fabric... *and all appears to be as of one spirit.* Sitting out here, in the shade, behind our house, I'm writing, and awaiting the Sun to arc upwardly, above the small

metal shed, and shine down upon myself...

but for now, I'm enjoying the cool shade.

*The breezes are softly moving the trees,*

*and grasses.* As we get along, into the

second half of our month of May, I, for

one, am counting my blessings, and

looking towards better times. This kind of

early summer morning, with these

completely blue skies, no clouds, is, in a

way, the fullest goal, already met. But, of

course, we'll have to have a lot more, of

this good peace, to make up for what we

lost, last weekend. 'Weapons of war auger

evil, in the hands of the incompetent.'

-Lao Tzu It's almost like there's some bad

complacency, when it comes to this. Until something bad happens, that is. At any rate, the trees here are in their fullest verdant foliage... and the fragrances, of freshly trimmed grasses, are intoxicating. I've photographed this before, *but I wish I could save the aromas, along with the rich greens, and the sounds of birds talking.*

Well, the sun is starting to reach me, and so I had better move my chair over, a foot or two, if I don't want to be slow cooked.

But, this present writing reminds me... I'm healthy, my woes are not permanent. This is life in the country, and the expansive ranching lands about me here, are nothing

like the hustle and the bustle, of a city neighborhood, or suburban street. My meditation, this morning, goes something like, **'Align myself, and identify myself with the light... not the dross, and physicality of a migraine, in my mind.'**

In other words, **'Let your peace be centered, at the space in the middle... my breathing, and the spaces of my breathing... especially at my voice center... As this might be as close to my own self concept, as I might ever come.'**

Most days, in my life, will have a meditation, like this one, at the heart of my ongoing... and this one definitely is like the



'Peg, where I hang my hat.' (To speak allegorically,) This, definitely, also '*Stops my mind from wandering,*' and allows me into a more personal relationship, with my 'Lord and Savior, my Trusted familiars.'  
*Everything good depends upon this good relationship... man with God.* Nurture makes up so much good upbringing, for some, *and some nurture their grown up selves, too.* For others it's *nature*, which made it what it is. And, ones personal perspective is completely unique for everyone. Maybe for you, '*The waiting is over,*' and for another '*The walking is just beginning.*' These are some ideas, from a

popular song, and I think they say it best.  
I'm glad to be coming through my own time  
of 'walking,' and, finding things about me  
in good working order, and that this writing  
is my only real concern, this afternoon. I  
hope where you are is peaceful, and that  
you can easily find these simple words.  
Well, I'll pass this writing along your way,  
now. Greg.

~

To glean insight, into that which your

unconscious mind would say, if it were given a voice, *simply sit and meditate upon the first few thoughts* which arise to the surface... you'll want to situate yourself with your notebook, and pen, or at your word processor keyboard. For myself, this is one way, to *'fill yourself in,'* as to the encompassing spatio spiritual fabric, about yourself. *But, this is not the only way, to find what the heart is saying.* Another is musical expression, and, with computers, and home studio software so ubiquitous, in our culture, *just having some ability at a musical instrument, is a pretty good entrance point, into 'listening unto the*

*heart.'* Maybe, the best path, for myself, is through sketching, or drawing, on external media... just with a ball point pen, your spirit will thank yourself enormously, if you'll just sit and start freely sketching, or drawing, on paper... *that which is beneath the surface, will immediately become apparent.* I guess the trick to 'tapping into' the inner conversation, is in having a *trusted familiar...* someone, *'beyond the veil,'* who can partner with yourself, artistically. You'll be 'lost in the dark,' until this crucial step is actualized. *At least, this is what my guides have instilled in me... your way might be completely*

*different.* At any rate, I sit and write.

Every once in a while, a person glimpses objective reality. But, most of the time, our perceptions of the material plane *are comprised of our expectations, and beliefs about that time... and may not be based in 'absolute' reality at all, but 'consensus' reality.* Those who are in my camp, some of us, anyway, operate with 'limited information,' about the inner lives of others, and this is the sad honest truth. *But, there is much which can be gleaned, if we will slow way down, and look... and listen.* This consensus reality is very important to keep tabs upon. At any rate,

these are my thoughts, upon this subject...  
*yours may be completely different.* Well,  
where I'm at, the weather is just beautiful...  
no clouds, just warm, and with gentle  
breezes... just like yesterday morning was.  
I hope your time is as pleasant. The way I  
see it, we may travel, just years and years,  
in our living, *before eventually, coming*  
*into a place of self authorship, and real*  
*contentment...* it may require the presence  
of the **Grandmother Spider**, to simply  
illumine who ones own self is... for the  
energy of two is entirely different from the  
energy of one. Maybe, the challenge isn't  
in finding who others are, *but in the*

*discovering of ones own inner  
potentialities.* For myself, finding the right  
instruments, and tools closely about  
myself... there but had to arise the right  
moment... the right opportunity... before I  
began to use them, combined with my own  
inner latten cees... *creatively*. This became  
for myself a confluence of potentialities...

*instruments... tools... and my good  
willingness, and desire, to use them  
intelligently.* I wanted to be a writer... I  
always had... then a kind of a *secret  
society*, as others have spoken of, began to  
gather, and collect within my life... and I  
began to structure my days and nights,

around the day's new thinking... rightly seeing these crude ideas, and beginning gestures as raw material, which could be saved, and accessed in my future. I always saw myself as having a better future; one day, I found myself there, and began seeing, and marking the passage of days and weeks, by saving little bits, here and there. My virtual desktop, became populated, by discrete files... word processor files, music files (mp3, or wav.)... and image files, from scanned or photographed sketchings (jpg)... other kinds of files, depending on the type of media... all went into different folders, by



category, or project heading... *eventually I had a lot of my home made media files... and what you see upon these internet pages are my results.* If only a person could know, the immediate benefits, of accessing this inner realm... with an eye upon the mountain valley in the distance... your furrows will remain evenly spaced, and constant. *Really, this is a metaphor, for an acquired familiarity, with the 'ways of spirit,' through the 'inner duality, of sexual attraction,' the world's great literature has always come to be.* Well, as the occasional zephyrs play, so we should remain open to the subtle impetus, from within... you can

see from this, these gentle breezes can be  
harnessed, creatively... you only need a  
windmill. *At any rate, these have been a  
few thoughts, from within my 'resting  
state,' just today.* All for now, Greg.

~

To know of that which is just beneath the  
surface of your consciousness, you can  
start a simple flowing of language symbols

onto the word processor or notebook page.

*Keeping my language simple, and commonplace, I manage to stay clear of anachronism.* If you have read me for very

long, you know, I'm a bit of a neo traditionalist, of the written word, and that my writing usually keeps unto '*that which is logical,*' instead of 'the poetic,' Any new writing, for the writer, will require 'solving puzzles...' and thinking of novel, or inventive ways to say the same thing.

Having a lot of experience, in the written word, this amounts to a strong sense of self. If an idea fits one of my various templates... then I might incorporate it into

a written essay. That which is anachronistic, or poetic, I'll usually avoid, because I need stability. But, by the same token, some writings veer into risque lands... and the writer may be the last to know. *Can you imagine, 'It slowly dawned on me, "I have written poorly."'* You don't want to know... but repeated re reads all give you the same results! Oh well, so much for sanity. At any rate, when this happens, it can be hard to get back 'into the black,' fiscally, but there's no other way, but to try. Numerous times, I've found myself lost like this, and each issue had to be seen unto. You could call this journal,

*'Adventures from the Art of Writing.'* But, I just have to tell you, how difficult it's been writing this Part Five. So, now you know. At least, I've got my life... and a roof over my head... because, not everyone does. At any rate. *Life in America is designed to be good... it just finally takes wits.* Well, our weather's nice... for the record, this is our fourth or fifth day of sun, and breezes... and it's got my moods fairly improved completely. So, I guess we've had a good *'Season in the Sun,'* so far! I'll have a few more of those! When there's writing beneath the surface, the writer will usually be able to tell, by the way his or her hands

feel... large, and more powerful, when  
there's writing to be done. Or piano  
playing. *You can really see, and feel this*  
*'inter play of potentialities.'* As writing,  
from a spirit conscious, mind enabled  
perspective, requires a very circumspect  
approach, you'll see, how in general,  
speaking of the lower worlds, unless one is  
in the transcendent place, of the spiritual  
griot, is not recommended. *Hence this*  
*need for circumspect writers.* From the  
best that I can see, our physical plaine of  
strife and woe *is encompassed, completely,*  
*by carefully cultivated, and tended*  
*gardens, which one just wouldn't wish to*

*thoughtlessly tread upon.* But I can easily see, that not everyone is in the same place, nor on the same page... spiritually speaking... as it takes all kinds. *But for myself, I feel I have to always act from a place of conscious appreciation, and awareness, of this 'land of shades.'* Only then, is one 'walking right.' Being in possession of this philosopher's stone, the '*Grail, of the Mystic,*' one looks mainly to put it unto good use, and not squander this 'secret knowledge,' on 'cheap talk and wine.' You're familiar with the old saying? *There will always be lower phenomena, to challenge any pretensions, of spiritual*

*propriety... just look at the vast ranges, of kinds of people... more like, sorts of strategies... It should be obvious, by this, that it takes all kinds. There are those, even here, which don't have any typing ability, or usage of digital devices... two requisites for this sort of writing. So, use your common sense... people may be more like one another, than we think, (people in groups, that is,) but it's the strategies they employ, individually, which are so various, and diverse. I hope my reader, can find sense, from within my commonplace ideas.*

*At any rate, these are some ideas. May they be of some usage to yourself. Well,*



have a good weekend, and stay cool. Greg

~

When one goes to sit at a word processor keyboard, or with notebook and pen, he or she will approach it, from the perspective of his or her now. The day, and time... the contextual picture, for myself, is often of importance. *Is the time Spring? Or Summer?* At any rate, my mind's eye, upon my own person, sees my right, and left

astral fields. Isn't this kind of vision, part of the *mind brain physiology*? I sit here, this late May night, and ponder over things in general... and over how, ***there are so many, many paths to emotional release.***

The pains of growth, are great, when there is a future gauntlet, or strait... getting past the difficult part, remaining placid, and non attached... there's a lot of relief, in most any emotional release. *People are reminded of their most essential life force, and then seek redemption, and renewal in temples and chapels.* Ordinary life, with its cults of personality, and its power struggles, its *aeon flux*... it is sometimes

hard to find anything solid, in this world of shifting boundaries. At any rate, I sit and write, this rainy evening in May. We can't just fly away... we're butterflies without wings. In life, it seems, we can't play all the parts... either... we can't choose from the saviors, or the devils, at will... *we can only be ourselves.* With our flaws and imperfections, and our collective traumas, it can be hard to rise to the occasion, and be the citizens of the galaxy, we want to be... *as, so often we're trapped, by roles we never would have chosen, to play.* This usually amounts, unto a depressed human being... but through *'keeping on the sunny*

*side,* ' we can sometimes balance a writers life, with our essential humanity. At any rate, these are some thoughts, this morning.

Here, it's cloudy and breezy, with occasional rain... this weather is expected to clear up by tomorrow. Having a strong, definite writers voice, can be a real spot light, in our society... just in the ways you put your sentences, and paragraphs together, you'll shed much light... *and many many people, could stand some definite, strong thinking in their lives... because, so many are awash in the waters of the collective unconscious.* I know, my own writers voice, is almost always delved,

directly from my relationship with my  
God... and only through keeping my gaze  
fixed firmly upon Him. This is not an easy  
thing for the novice writer to grasp... but I  
assure you, when the right time comes, *you*  
*will easily sort out your own mysteries.*

Then, too, most good writing, will be a  
*'confluence, of time, inspiration,*  
*experience, ability, tools, and*  
*circumstance,'* and ultimately, the writer  
may be the last to know just what has been  
said. This writing sounds a bit like my  
writing from the millennial time... So, I  
wonder, In increasing, or moving forward,  
with your book, or your writing project,

how might you avoid inadvertently becoming 'dated' or 'out moded,' in your life. Just, of course, 'Don't ignore the finite natures,' of your new writing... how, we only have so much past work to reference, in structuring our new product... and not over thinking this. Well, just some thoughts. 'Where He leads me, I shall follow.' *Even if this means putting rest, and ease aside, and really hustling.* I, for one, have learned to recognize, when the time has come for me to rise out of stagnation, and return unto the work of writing, or piano... being gifted with 'knowing my moment,' I can usually find the strength to

do that. Just don't over work yourself... as people need people, it may be helpful to remember your self, and your given surroundings... the life your shown, whether you wish it, or not. If I were a canine, I'd say, **"Get that damn tick off my back, Man, before it gets me!"** This would be the imperative. Too often we travel, with our backs stooped under the senseless weight of the stupid behavior of others. When 'One bad apple spoils the whole batch,' what, then do we do? Throw the one bad apple out! Some women are as *'Beauties in the classic, time honored sense.'* Meanwhile, some men 'Go to war,'

upon the innocent and unsuspecting... only  
to then be '*taken to task in the spirit  
world.*' These are just a few of the thoughts  
which have been in my mind, recently.

What do you think?

~

When one wishes to peer beneath the  
surfaces of contemporary culture, in your  
community, or region... you can sit in front  
of a word processor keyboard, or with pen  
and notebook. Most every article I write,



nowadays, is done as 'a good alternative,'  
unto stasis. *Maybe it's the time we're  
living in... maybe it's the time in my own  
life...* rarely a minute passes, that I don't  
wish to look inwardly... in solving upon my  
mysteries... onto the written page. How  
else is there, to externalize ones' thoughts...  
*and see them, in comparison... one with the  
others.* When you locate for yourself such  
a ready and sure compass, of thought and  
imagination, you'll wish to return unto this  
way, time and again. Maybe, the way I've  
felt lately... it's better for myself to be  
*searching*, onto the written pages... than for  
my soul to be worried about... fretting over

political darkness, and aversion. At any rate, with the devils afflicting our outer world, these days, there are personal, inner daemons, *which seem to present more challenge, for me personally, than these distant conflicts.* So, and it's like, traumatizing thoughts and visions within our eyes, point unto distant worries, and conditions which are elsewhere... this is true, *but some of these distant daydreams seem to belie threats, of the global scale... which might could affect anyone.* So, this kind of 'brain storming,' is really effective, for myself, right now... I should illuminate these darkness? I might see things, which

are obscene and frightful in the eyes, of some men. But, the fault is not theirs? So go figure... 'As mirrors unto this planet's chaos.' I guess it's a time to be alive on Earth. But, back to the writing at hand... *Just any organic, farming, or vegetative metaphor, is useful in seeing a path of creativity... a writers community... seen as a farming collective.* At any rate, this is not the first time, I've seen this way. In my daily 'soul searching,' how can I use the best metaphors, so as to see? You have *seeds...* with rain, sun light, soil nutrients, fertilizer, and so forth... *this together grows produce...* which, we find, is useful

to others, and which brings return, and profit. And this added value, then, is useful in many ways. But, at any rate, you can see this way of seeing an artistic community. And during wartime, on Earth.

*Can you hear that sound? It's the summer night cicadas... expressing something... maybe, the breathing of the trees... as, all of nature is breathing... in, out, in, out, in, out. Never is this breathing more audible, than with these summer night creatures.*

There's nothing more reassuring, than in stepping out after dark, and in hearing these rhythmic strummers of the night. Even if the world beyond should come to a

dismal end... our little nature, around this house... *these frogs, and cicadas... and we inside our dwelling...* would be fine, as we'll always remember, and return to these spirits... these sounds. And, we must ensure that these ecological treasures don't disappear. I don't think you hear cicadas and frogs, at night in urban environments... Unless there are green areas. Well, I guess, seeing this way, into the nature, like this, necessitates a poetic voice, after all. *But, not anachronism.* So, there it is... I'll bring this writing to a close. All for now. Greg.

~

*When, at last, one gets back to his or her writing path, he scans back across recent memories, to see if there is any new thought there.* If an idea appears particularly appealing, to him, or is new, or novel in some relevant way, he or she may include it in a written essay. When I was young, I liked reading my Bible, every evening at my bed time. I still have this Bible, given to me by my parents, when I

was nine. Still I'm amazed, at all the annotation, and scribbles in the margin... things I wanted myself to remember, all the underlined passages... *it was a very good book, and I knew that it was.* I rightly saw it as an access point, into wisdom. But, thinking about the part, which I was missing, in my life... *the consciousness of the invisible...* how, when having only this Western, materialist, empirically spoken of text, and world view, was I to approach a wisdom, of the invisible? *This, needed something more.* I knew I had to investigate the Eastern mysticism, to in any way grasp the soul, of the Bible, and the

soul, of myself, and of all life... **so that,**  
**then equipped with this knowledge, of**  
**the anima, and animus, the touch stones**  
**of the Asian religions, I could then see**  
**my own lands scriptures, in the proper**  
**light.** It's just how my life then had to  
develop. With the right understanding,  
about these powerful beings of the 'Noir  
Arena,' the 'Valhalla consciousness,' or  
'Elysium,' however you may choose to call  
them... *I knew that I would then be in the*  
*know.* When at first one gets into  
publishing, there quickly arises a lot of  
confusion. I knew I myself would have to  
have this *Eastern mysticism*, in my tool kit,



in order to truly approach the challenge, of,  
my principal concern... *'Know thyself,'* and  
its implicit inner truth, *'To thine own self  
be true.'* So, now, you can see, why some  
kids tend to look unto Buddhist poetry, and  
Dharma type scriptures... *because these  
scriptures do indeed speak very objectively  
about this invisible plaine, or realm.*

Without guidance, and advice, into these  
paradoxical, puzzling beings, and this  
realm, (sometimes spoken of as the  
Afterlife,) we are handicapped,  
intellectually speaking. To be perfectly  
truthful, no one really knows if there is,  
indeed an afterlife... nor just what it is like,

or just where it might be. The Asian beliefs, sometimes appear to take it for granted, that the noir arena, or the mind, is, in fact this afterlife... *and that the human soul, is on a journey, through and across many many lands, and realms, sometimes encompassing various paths, possibly even becoming an invisible spirit being... and even, possibly being reborn, into another mortal, embodied life, on the same Earth where you started, or a different one.* I think, as men and women come of age, in life, and enter, gradually at first, into this knowledge of this '*philosophers stone,*' this plaine of the invisible, that there eventually

becomes a great preponderance of sensory information, and extra sensory information, *which more or less conclusively affirms, that space and time are the two faces of the same becoming,* and any place like Heaven, or the Afterlife, pretty much must be 'outside,' or 'around' this material plaine, (which we might refer to as the time-space continuum.) Where ever it is, our ideas about the Afterlife, suggest that that it very well might exist, outside of time and space, *but still, as in mortal existence, very close by.* Beings in this realm, are thought of as being able to interact and act, down into space-time, from the afterlife perspective,

which is somehow 'above,' or 'around,' or outside of our physical plane. *Seeing this sort of gardening, as spoken of, in ones day to day life, and being completely filled with this spirit consciousness, and with these powerful, loving, peaceful beings on all sides, enriching, and enabling, and facilitating the very breath in our lungs... just this enlivening of all of our existence...*

*then, please tell me, why some kids, inadvertently go so wrong? Why? This, of course, is the question of the day, when something bad happens... 'Why did this*

**happen Lord?'** I think, our ordinary modus operandi, is complacency. There are

legal puzzles, in the matter of how can we spot sick kids... in a timely manner, and get them mental health assistance, and confiscate any weapons, or anything like that, and set them back on a healthy path, and eventually re integrate them into our society, as recovered adults. There are legal puzzles. *But, I myself think, we are going to have to outlaw assault type weapons.* I had arrived upon this conclusion, at an earlier time, and seen the matter clearly... *but in the complacency of our grown up culture, I had forgotten about it.* So, now you know, what I see as the only way out of our present predicament.

We should have a big '*buy back*,' of these assault type weapons, by the United States government... and they should be given to our military and soldiers... *every last one of them*. At any rate. You can see, through the insistence of my words, *I'm just as devastated as you are, by such a frightful, horrific shooting as which happened last week*. Well, my point is, I guess, that you can't see the human situation, our spiritual thinking minds, and consciousnesses... (one foot in the land of shades, and the other in the material realm...) you can't see this situation, without asking yourself the burning question, '*Why do some kids go so*

*wrong?' 'Why do things like that happen?'*

But, it's clear, unto myself, that around the periphery of the Kingdom of Heaven, in other words, the 'Borderlands,' in the classical sense, there are encamped gangs and hoards of mongrels, and outcasts... sometimes heavily armored, and fortified, subsisting on vile diets of alcohol, and entheo gens, of all kinds, synthetic thrill drugs... and bad tobacco addiction, and alcoholism, sadly, are the common threads... *the reading material, is pornography...* or worse. Well, when you do find your self, your childhood self... through good books, and learning

resources, and eventually get to know, the ways of the spirit, of course, and enter into full socialization... and individuation, is allowed to develop itself... **the main thing, other than the importance of keeping your sobriety, for most people, will be avoiding 'karmic self displacement.'**

This is 'the bad thing,' as it were, this replacing of the Angel, with the Devil... on the Eleysial plaine... once you see this beautiful pure land of truth, and pure honesty, you'll then see the importance of avoiding such things as addictive chemicals, like alcohol, and tobacco... and refraining from opie ate addiction... *sex*



*addiction, and sugar consumption, are two others, which have been shown to be detrimental...* these things, can, when taken to excess, replace the good natured man, with the foul natured man... these can humiliate the proud, and lead to outbursts of arrogance, and pride, in the addict, and these types of outbursts, and desperate tactics, to procure more alcohol... these and other drugs, like cocaine, kill people every day. *At any rate, I hope that this tragedy being behind us, we can see a brighter future.* This present writing has been an emotional, cognitively groping, and grasping kind of brain storming... and

questing upon, 'How did such a thing happen?' and 'How can it be prevented in the future?' Well, you can see my thoughts, then, for I have freely shared them, at some length, with yourself, this morning. All for now, Greg.

~

I sit and think, this morning, about what might be my favorite nature imagery... I think, '*Endless waves of grain*,' is probably right up there. *Rag weed* looks nice, too

with the late afternoon winter sun shining through it. I would also share, that I'm so grateful to have been given this course of writing, and sharing of visual art, and piano recordings, and nature photography. I can't do much better, any given morning, than to find something, one of these arts practices,

*and whole heart edly use my good eye, hands, and ears in one of these artistic pursuits.* The communion, in the spiritual

plaine, is its own reward, and most mornings, I only need a little forgiveness, to get me started into one of these crafts.

This morning, for instance, I do find that,

it's better to become, onto the written

page... *becoming, a completed essay...* than to not be, at all... because this work in progress, or completed audio book, then becomes real equity, which can add quite directly unto my value, as a health care consumer. The good thing, is that my Dad was a senior art director, at an advertising agency, for all of the years I was in my parents nest, *and that there was therefore a place for myself, somewhat in his footsteps...* this has been useful, in my finding approval, and affirmation, as an artist. Amid the sometimes corrosive nature of our grown up society, *we as people can use any self validation we can*

*find, in most cases.* At any rate, we here are enjoying this last day of May, this year, and as I bring this audio book chapter to a close, I think of how very blessed we are, and look towards a brighter tomorrow. The light music in my ear phones sounds good, this morning, and I sit outside in the shade *watching and listening to the personalities*

*in the local bird community.* A pair of cardinals comes close, to the place where we pour our meal scraps, and the bright red male picks up a bit of roughage in his beak, and feeds it to his mate, who hungrily receives it. I've been a naturalist, and watched these animals, *since two thousand*

*and five*, when my persistent moodiness sent me into the back yard, to find solace, and as always, these avians are bright, and sociable. I hope you'll remember this little piece of wisdom, and join me, soon, in appreciation of this land, *which is neither 'Antiquity, nor Modernity,'* but just the one and only living, habitable planet we know of, in the starry night sky. Well, all for now. I'll pass this writing along your way now. Greg.

~

IN SITTING DOWN, TO WRITE, THIS warm morning, in early June, I ask myself this question: *Can I keep my mind from restless turning, toward the invisible lands and beings, around myself?* This is an important question. Maybe the best way to quieten the chattering heart, is to use a mantra, or a 'thought device,' which you alone can mentally meditate upon. I'll give you an example. There's a kind of '*six point checklist*,' which covers the progression, of mental phenomena, from strong emotions, through bad thought, to bad feelings, which finally can result in

bad beliefs, attitude, or even bad behavior.

I've seen how, through meditating on this six point list, of types of symptoms, which

we want to avoid, we can effectively 'quieten the chattering mind.' Additionally, through just attending to ones own garden, and importantly, not stepping upon anyone

else's dancing shoes... *or, any one's strongly held beliefs, or passions, we can remain 'in the black,' so to speak.* When, the goal, is holding unto the feminine, or the passive role, *no matter what...* writing,

only as led by subtlest impulse, and direction pointer, we can stay out of trouble. If you have ever wondered, what



is the key, to long life, and happiness, I think you'll see, how these mindfulness meditations, are at the heart, of any lasting path, or way. *When you can know, beyond doubt, that life in the world, means dealing with these invisible beings, and this realm, you'll plan and expect for the unseen to present tremendous resistance to any real endeavor.* While this is true, I've found, also, that a well lived inner life means you'll be blessed and graced in all your conscious ongoing. But, we all are always subject to any *interference* from the wills, and thoughts of our familiar significance cees, and others... *intentional thoughts, and*

*otherwise.* For instance, when I believe rightly or wrongly, that I've been slighted, or shown diss service... my imagined invisible better half then feels obliged to retro actively 'speak,' or express diss satisfaction... or appear to do so... *at the ones closest to us...* or someone else, who we tend to rightly or wrongly blame for our misfortune. *This, indeed might be excessive, or problem thinking.* These sorts of reactions usually aren't caused by any one in particular, and can be attributed to our own 'attachment to suffering.' Our own imagination! (These '*conditioned, automatic response patterns,*' *otherwise*

*known as 'Carp,' or trash fish, which*  
sometimes reside in the spaces between our  
atoms, and molecules, as people,  
sometimes do this... like the strange fruit,  
of half hearted effort... *or, our false*  
*expectations, of how our past karma, like*  
*our bad feelings, or insecurity tends to take*  
*on a life of its own, as we tend to,*  
*subconsciously and incorrectly blame*  
*ourselves, for the actions of others... and*  
*for things outside of my control!* Simply  
because of my having taken my artistic  
expression to the next level, or for my  
having stepped out, in poetic license, and  
*broken bad.*) How can I chart the lands of

my imagination... my collective soul  
environs, and still keep stepping with  
surety, and in accordance with my best  
ranges, and most comfortable habitats?

*These gentle late afternoon dusky breezes  
and zephyrs play about, as I sit listening to  
my optical data disk player, and watching  
the days' last sun rays casting the trees and  
grasses with warm suffuse glow. June, is  
the month when 'summer comes in upon the  
coattails of spring,' and I had altogether  
forgotten how blissful these early summer  
evenings are, as they flow over the land,  
from east to west... night slowly falling.  
The days' worries, appear to be passing; all*

*returns to oneness, and sleep.* The individual journey, is one that takes the traveler to the summit of the highest mountain... *to the lodge that overlooks the fertile valley.* From this celestial abode, he or she dreams of the souls' last journey, to rejoin the choir invisible... dreams that, one day, always come true. At any rate, I sit and dream of life without limits of time and space. *This is the dream, as I have found it to be.* I'll pass this writing along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

Sitting in the back yard, of our house, this morning, I'm enjoying the temperate shade, and listening to a see dee. Spring showers this afternoon, will give the growers a definite benefit. Also, the canines, and stock animals will benefit from a rain bath, not to mention all of the local birds, and other wild animals... having a good rain, can be a big turn around, for those who live with migraines... *in case you hadn't thought of this, before.* Here it is, the next day, and I feel so very much better than

yesterday. At any rate. As I sit here, tonight, I'm thinking about one of the most challenging parts of my being me... and I imagine myself asking, the ones around me, a question (like I would like to ask,) namely, '*Do you see ghosts?*' But, the real question, I would ask, I guess, is '*Do you ever get phenomena, proximal to your mind brain junction?*' By this I mean phenomena, like agglomerations, or condensates, of space and time... *or potentialities...* (In other words, *ghosts, or thought beings,*) which will usually appear to tease me, and beckon, sometimes insistently, to peer into their natures, or

super natures, in or through writing. The act of living my day to day life, in a way... my world music and other art, I think... sometimes puts these types of intelligence close in about my person... at my hypercortex... in other words, at the spaces around my head. *As a child, I was something of an unconscious person, I moved through my life... within a limited field of perceptual information... I never much questioned the underlying natures of my being... or sought to look out past where my conventional world had me situated.* But, as a teenager, around age nineteen, I began to employ a three



hundred and sixty degree field of awareness type of way of seeing... the Zen student would say, I was questioning my limited way of seeing, and trying to stretch my mind, to see not just with eyes looking into the world in front of me, but all around my person. Eventually, I became entertained of the philosophy of the collective unconscious, and of learning to gain progressively more control over the subconscious realms, *'beyond the known,'* and everything coming at me, daily, from the peripheral subconscious visual field, within the 'vision cortex,' you might could say... *perceptions, around the fringes of my*

*eyesight, and visual perceptual field.*

These forces, which I was then at the mercy of, teased and beckoned me, to try and gain more subtle awareness and subtle neuro muscular control, (through my subtle will,) over these phenomena. As the years passed, and I grew more and more experienced at divining, and discerning written and musical and graphic expressions, from out of these phenomenal factors, just out of sight, and all around myself... I gradually could see, how, 'I'm a three dimensional solid, in life, with volume, and depth... but one with a soul.' *I inhabit a 'patch,' or field of local spiritual*

*airs, and draftiness, and I must continually adapt, somehow unto this field, and these local presences.* The subtle neuro musculature of the head, face, neck, and torso can be employed, in practice, and within the '*vision cortex*,' to resolve, and decrease the strains, which these subconscious peripheral phenomena, do often indeed bring upon my person. As I'm a three dimensional solid, with a soul, I can easily see, how the thought forms, and or spirit beings about my person can exert tremendous influence into my life... imagine, the back of ones head, is in one sense, a kind of spatial equivalent of '*all*

*that which is outside of my field of perception,' but in another sense, what is behind me, might be a guardian, or guiding spirit, which might save my life... by being nearby.* It's just that, I think, I get migraines, in an inter personal sort of way... my usual problems, are a kind of physicality, and needless dross, and hence distance, of a sort, which usually interposes, or juxtaposes itself, between myself, and my spirit guides. The way a spirit makes me feel, is important to know. Sometimes a presence will be behind me, and his presence there will be so very disconcerting, and distracting... I think, a

spirits' presence behind ones self, if it is felt in a painful way, amounts unto a 'real world worry,' of any one of many, many possible natures... such might stand for real worries, in our world... and, also, such might be a kind of non sense factor, just a 'robot,' or decoy, placed behind me, by the, *(like it or not) real ways some people have of distracting, and consuming excessive amounts of my patience.* Rightfully, or wrongfully, these people still try and wrest my peace, and serenity from me... as if, they spite, or begrudge me my disabled role, as group home resident, and would rather my relative happiness be replaced

with fear, worry, and woe. *These people, will be the first ones to verbally challenge, any well earned good standing, and replace it with their dominance, and foul strictures.* At any rate, the world has all kinds, of people. Well, I seem to have rambled, a bit, and I may be off of my topic... but at any rate, you can see my thoughts. We here are definitely getting good rain, tonight. Getting into bed, I feel as though '*my worries are behind me,*' and in the morning, I'll put this writing with the others. All for now. Have a good weekend. Greg.

~

*'Writing the storm out,'* onto your lasting media... this is the way I make sense out of difficult natures. *I never had thought about it in this way, until now.* Putting thoughts down, onto ones empty page... turning the lemons into lemonade, for instance... becomes just one of ones' standard, normal modalities... *and you should see, ones' relentless problem solving, in doing this.* The trick, really is in getting yourself into this problem

solving mode... on command... *and not spoiling a good day, with bitter negativity, or callousness directed at yourself, or at those about yourself.* This is always important to remember. At any rate, this problem solving mode, is sometimes elusive... and almost always will involve *moving past differences... focusing on sameness.* Just in your being you, you'll remember how good natured you really are. *But, by the same token, I can easily recall the extreme 'nature' of certain types of cyclone wind patterns... these things are so bad, when they hit, that practically nothing can survive.* So, and it wouldn't matter



how good natured I might be... that's a fact of life, for those who live in vulnerable areas. *But, at any rate, I sit writing this sunny morning in mid June.* Our temperatures are expected to be in the mid to upper nineties today, and so, after this morning, I'm ready to spend my time indoors. As I scan back over this writing, I can easily imagine, how many people will find inner storms from time to time, *and other depressive symptoms, to simply be too much to bear...* as I myself lived alone, for a decade or more, in rental properties... I can easily remember how these kinds of head aches, and difficulties, in mid

summer... these problems in finding rest... especially with my solitary ways... were a kind of elemental reality... then with the heat, *and in not being able to really spend much time outdoors, due to this.* If you may have forgotten what summers are typically like, in our region, then now you remember. At any rate, I sit and write. We here happen to have a new litter of puppies gracing our lives with their cuteness, and warm charm. I only hope someone will take some of them off of our hands, soon; they will make great childrens' pets. As I read back over this writing, I see, how I only have to express my thoughts into this

word processor... digital media, has a lasting nature, so, archiving is easy... and tends to be intrinsic to the process. Well, the heat's not too bad, in the shade, until ten or eleven or so in the morning, *so if one is going to get outside, then the morning is the best time.* Writing, to myself, is a lot like playing jazz music... *you see, one has to get past the need to relate anything profound... and remember that musical thought can be anything...* just in recording a few lines over time... what's important is not what you say, but how you say it... your rhythms, and your style... this is a musical expression. And, it can

usually be a useful metaphor, to imagine shuffling a deck of cards...or, tossing them into the air, and imagining how they drift back down, randomly on the table top...

*this usually produces new combinations, and whole new directions of thought.* At any rate, I get along down this page, now. To peer into that which is just beneath the surface, of my written word, today... I can

start a flowing of concise, articulate language symbols onto the page. There will usually be certain things which the writer will be able to tell... *the ease and effortlessness with which the words come forth, for instance, tells you, that you're in*

*the clear*, and you can usually see a kind of nearness, or distance in how your eyes perceive what has just been written. While most of these qualities are pretty subjective, *I guess the main thing, comes when you feel as if you are being led entirely by your inner spirit...* writers definitely await for this type of thing. So, you'll see, how, sometimes there's a great deal of work that's involved, in accomplishing any new writing... other times, such comes along easily, and appears to be too weed upon the breezes... your thoughts writing themselves. Familiarizing yourself with these sorts of ranges, and

how they compare, is a part of getting to know your writers craft. Such will always require at least some time, for the novice, to get used to. And, I've said this before, and you should know, you should never publish an article of writing, until you've made it a '*word craft miracle*.' Work all of the bugs out of it, before going to press.

Keeping these criteria in mind, as you finish and perfect new writing, is important. At any rate, these are just a few written words, this hot, summer afternoon.

I'll send this article along your way now.

All for now, Greg.

~

When I wish to write, I sit before my notebook, or at my word processor keyboard. Awaiting only subtlest inspiration, *I can just log onto the light currents of thought, running just below the surface of my mind, this afternoon.* The more I sit and dwell upon a thing, the larger, and more imposing it seems to grow, in my mind. This is why, I am getting along down my page, and putting my

worries, and troubles behind myself. As I  
sit here, and tune in, in this fashion, I  
realize again how very much I cherish my  
spirit path, and the good work I have been  
given, to sustain my heart, and spirit...  
*during these challenging times, like these  
have been.* As a child I remember I would  
try to create grown up expressions, from  
out of my limited experiences, and narrow  
relationships... *and fail every time.* I'm  
just grateful, today, that I'm clean and  
sober... a worthy mediumistic vessel, for  
these good gifts of the spirit to flow  
through, onto these pages. I hope you find  
them useful. *At any rate, I sit, and try to*



*collect my thoughts, thus.*

When I think I understand the inner realms,  
that's a pretty good sign that I don't. *So,  
my mortal eye sight might show me one  
thing, but God's view might be something  
else.* At any rate, this is one of the  
paradox of living this life. I just feel, that,  
at this time in my life... as I've familiarized  
myself with my wisdom portal... and gotten  
to know the powerful, imperishable beings  
which frequent my mind... *I don't feel  
right, just squandering this good mind...*  
I've found that, time and again, I'm happy,  
*mainly respective to my ability to put this  
gift to work, through writing, and music,*

*and art.* The down times, are when my good mind tends to erode, and my troubles appear to grow. At any rate, *this will be when I want to remember some creative outlet... and at least then I'll have something to show for the time.* Not to try, in this manner, or 'neglecting one's moment,' is nearly the same thing as failure. At any rate, you can see my thoughts, here upon these pages. I have seen, just recently, as I have many times before, *how our lives and times on Earth, presently, are as good as, or better, than any times previously.* Our culture is so very diverse... peoples from all walks of

life... all age brackets, financial means,  
educational backgrounds, spiritual beliefs,  
and ethnic disparity... are seen to dwell  
peacefully, and enjoy the blessings of the  
day. *Planet Earth is the one and only  
habitable home, for life, which we know of,  
in our galaxy, among all the other  
galaxies.* We here are blessed and graced  
with our binary, computerized society... and  
the gifts of Liberty have given nearly  
everyone a window, into all human records,  
from across this epoch... *these are  
blessings afforded unto everyone.* In the  
early part of the twentieth century, we  
thought our society was advanced. We had

incandescent lighting, radios, and some even had a record player. The telephone, and television, weren't far behind, and computers and the internet, have come along in the last fifty years. So, what might be next, *should be commercial space flight, and the colonizing of another planet!* So, you see, as I do, that our electronic revolution is just getting started.

We think we're advanced... just give us fifty more years... *we'll have doubled our capabilities.* That is, of course, if we're still around... if a plague or war hasn't ended us.

I've thought about it a lot, lately. Self respecting peoples, in the modern world,

all want the same things... *just for us, and our youth to continue having fun, and not be sickened by any more tragic stories, of senseless violence this year.* I think, that this goal is attainable. So, in the second half of twenty twenty two, lets do more, and make a real return unto the innocence, and care free times, of happy childhood. You see, the hard parts of the year, are all behind us, already! At any rate, these are just a few of my thoughts, on these things, at this moment. All for now, I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

When I wish to sit at my notebook, or word processor keyboard... to look beneath the surfaces, of my own always changing mind... consciousness, and imagination... *I can do that.* There's another kind of challenge, I would cover, here, which one will invariably have to deal with, in living any life on the Earthly plane. To simplify it enormously, *this is the matter of distracting, the Devil... and instead, giving him aesthetic, and innovative goals, to meet, and accomplish, any given day.*

There have been many, many books, and writings, as well as visual art, such as sketches, and paintings... just meer ryad forms of self expression... down through time, which have been given, at least partly, to placate, and distract this 'Devil,' this nemesis, of a sort, *which, I've heard it said, is in a perpetual struggle, with the Angels, and good powers, of mind, and spirit, for control of the minds of youth, and men.* In this article, I hope to somehow give the reader, or listener a few examples, of the ways, that people sometimes fall, at least to some extent, into, or under some Devil's powers, in

living our lives. As in anything, some peoples' paths begin, at a time in life, *to lose, or lose sight of, their foundational legacy.* Often this will be through small ways, like the ways some people, invariably, un wittingly... *begin 'feeding,' these Devils.* This can occur, within anything. For example... in any of the ways, people sometimes start using 'crutches,' in living their lives. *At a point, a person sometimes gets started with his or her obsessive compulsive coffee and tea usage, (as miss guided attempts, to return from the distracted, bothered place, where some men, unconsciously find themselves,*



*after having lost that special innocence, and peaceful dreaming, of a child.)* What ever it is, that precious child will partake, of a forbidden fruit, and henceforth find himself at the mercy, then, of the particular grown up problems, which he or she will, in many cases, have inherited genetically...

pain and woe, which will have layed dormant for years and years, of a happy childhood... *only returning, to the soul, as that special 'innocence,' is lost.* By this I mean, the Ideal youth, who might have never known sin, of any real consequence... *all of a sudden, I think, the good Angels, any youth has going with him, and keeping*

*him well, simply change their attitude toward the youth.* He or she, has committed an offence... I'll give you an example... **the ancient mistake, many many have made, of 'de personifying' one's Deity.** This will be the way some kids have, of injecting a medicine, like cough syrup, or benadryl... to dull the pain, of 'innocence lost,' (primarily, so as to return, through artificial means, unto the special place of good feelings, and peaceful contentment, and bliss, which most children are born into.) *The child will be trying to recreate, this peace, and contentment, with artificial means.* He or

she, will have lost his child hood  
innocence, by an intentional, or un  
intentional sex act, for instance, and  
arriving at that 'sex response' effect...  
*outside of, or without the good Angels'*  
*special direction, or dispensation...* and he  
or she henceforth, will have become seen  
as just a dirty old man, in children's  
clothes... and will have lost the special  
peace, of innocence, found in childhood.  
I'm not a licensed councilor, but I can see  
that, *This will be what he or she, is trying*  
*to re create, this peaceful feeling, through*  
*chemical means... but, unconsciously, in*  
*the eyes of his elders.* This is the main way,

in my view, that youths fall out of grace, of Heavenly 'good standing,' and enter into sin. These types of chemical usage often go un noticed, by the parents, and the youth will, eventually, if it continues, develop a '*reputation,*' of being '*diss honest,*' by pretending to recreate the childhood innocence, repeatedly, through chemical means. Of course, you can see the trouble... **the complex spiritual and biological mechanisms, of happiness, and peace become 'un true,' or warped, or 'out of alignment,' or distorted, in some way, by pretending to a peace, he or she may not have, at all.** Society, then frowns

upon such a youth, and this is when he or she runs into real trouble. This might be any illegal infraction, which the youth commits, knowing better, repeatedly, and, which usually results, then, in a 'police record,' or begins to concern the authority presences, which can either keep a youth safe, or convict him, spiritually, or legally, *and take his freedom.* At any rate, many many youth have found themselves at a place like this. At any rate, you see, then how this Devil spoken of becomes a real obstacle, or hinder ance, to just any and every effort of living. Hence the need to placate, or distract, this Devil. You see,

how our artistic patterns, may well be grounded in real talent, and special abilities, and be real Gifts, of the spirit, but often, in living, *we're merely trying to build a levee, or shelter... a higher ground, above and away from the grief, and pains, of living most any life.* And this is usually a very good thing. I think, that most of our arts and crafts, in living, are in many ways given to somehow build, or locate, this '*Higher Ground,*' above the floodwaters of trouble and misery. This is true... we as artists, do indeed seek to find Higher Ground. At any rate, I covered some of these lower realms, of phenomena, *partly*

*to share what my own life had to overcome,  
as a young man... this diss honest faking of  
the innocent state, with chemical means.*

This was the story of my life... in many  
ways, *there were just so many life  
experiences, I knew I had to find, and  
there, also was just so much good work,  
which wanted to come from my pianists  
hands, and my writers mind, and eye...*  
writings, and visual art, especially, that, for  
want of a better term, 'chose me,' or chose  
to flow through my artists tools, and hands,  
and writers mind, and so forth. *This is, so  
often what concerns the parents of 'Gifted,'  
children of any age... how to let this*

*youthful art, find expression, through the child's life, and hands... how to enable the youth, without defeating his spirit, but just in seeing, what good, he or she might could accomplish... given sufficient time, and instruments, and tools, and materials. So, you can easily see, this writing has been, for myself, therapeutic, in working myself through, these childhood darkness, and ways, our 'old people,' might still have blaming patterns for me, the child I was, for these sinful tendencies, and patterns... which have been seen, only recently, in the lives of other kids, so unfortunately, to have led, apparently, to tragedy, and grief.*



So, I do tend to spend, (*since seeing these particularly horrific crimes, of wrong doing,*) far too much of my time, in self loathing patterns, and patterns, of self blame, which, I myself, don't deserve, or have much of any care for... but, out of the respect, for those who were lost, seem to spend more time in this self blaming, *than is good*. So, you see, the original patterns, of a sinful life... these self medications were mainly in effort to return to the innocence of an Ideal youth... *one which nevertheless had to deal with the alcoholic patterns of a grand father before him... you see, he repeated those patterns*. And, in

many ways, the need to 'alter,' or change  
ones' consciousness, is just 'too much of a  
problem,' is just too, just, 'basic' unto  
grown up society, and consciousness,  
today. *Our society, with its high  
achievement standards, and liquor industry  
advertising, almost seems to dictate  
alcoholism, and these 'altered states,' from  
us, and out of our lives...* even our old  
people, have ways, of down casting the  
sobriety, from out of us... and ensnaring us,  
un intentionally, into these 'states,' and 'few  
gees,' *when all we need, is to re locate our  
inner focus, and peace.* So, many of us get  
it so wrong... *so many around the outskirts,*

*never make it into, the 'Kingdom of  
Heaven....' and wind up, in self made  
prison. At any rate, these have been a few  
words, for the sake of those ones who  
wonder... in effect a relating, or re telling  
of what I have been shown... These  
complex struggles, and issues... simplified,  
to yourself. I hope my ideas are as a  
candle, or flashlight, for your  
understanding. All for now. Greg.*

~

Around my age of nineteen, I had changed my career choice to follow my Dads, in fine arts and graphic design, and resolved to stay clean and sober, and to try and accomplish my studies. In the midst of this time, though, I began what I later came to understand to be the process of '*spiritual individuation*.' This is a youngian term which means, in simplified sense, the lifelong task of seeing ones self as a *citizen of the galaxy*, and of '*finding self worth, based not upon what others say, or do, but in keeping with an inner spiritual directive*,' and this journey also includes getting to know the *anima* and *animus*...

and reconciling him or herself with his dreams, and his dream self. At any rate, this process initiated, in my life, when I seriously 'sobered up,' and resolved to stay clean. Like I said, I then began to have the imagined sense of being 'on a path,' and of becoming entertained of the Mysteries, in the classic, Ancient sense. Even at age nineteen, I quickly become impressed with the immensity, of the moods, and sensations I began encountering... and had the clearest sense... *for the first time in my life... of how, 'words have two meanings.* The Symbols, and Archetypes of the mind, are just very important doorways into the

collective unconscious, or collective soul,  
or inner collective subconscious mind.

Greater understanding of these three  
concepts gradually began, and my 'inner  
lamp light,' began to shine forth. A  
'postage stamp,' can be seen as signifying  
'*cache*,' or the guarantee, of the *royal seal*,  
that the message will get through. But, it  
might also mean a skimpy bathing suit.

There are millions of such symbols, many  
of which are archetypes. *The circle, might  
be the base of a table lamp, but it also  
might symbolize the sacred pact of the  
Knights of the Round Table.* 'Will the  
Circle be Unbroken?' See what I mean by,

'Words have two meanings?' The lands of the Collective Soul, as we find them, are just full of powerful emotive feelings, and resonances, and upon closer looking, are seen to have deep inner connection, and relationship, unto an sacred inter, or inner connectivity... *as in the light from the sun...*

*uniting peoples in one 'field,' or larger consciousness organism.* (There are many ideas, about this, some range into snake oil potions, and medicinal concoctions of dubious nature, but some, do speak, of a *'living web of life,'* joining all of the Earth, and all of the life on the Earth, within the light from the Sun, *and held in the sure*

*embrace, of our own Milky Way Galaxy.*

Most call this, the Gaia hypothesis, the belief that the planet herself has a spirit, or soul, and all life, here, and spark of consciousness, is an extension of this Gaia or Soul of the Earth.) Another idea, of this, is that each photon, from the sun, is an individual unit of consciousness, which do form a field, around the Earth, and all life... and which we breathe, in and out, constantly, as Aether. At any rate, the maintenance of our human life, hinges upon the light from our nearest star... the Sun. This article, is to point the reader, unto the lifelong path of spiritual



individuation... and some of its main attributes. Well, we here had news, of a bad earthquake in Afghanistan... indeed, it's easy, right now, this morning, to see the ways of how, a house built upon shifting pebbles, and boulders won't endure for long. We only hope, that if our earth here quakes, we survive, and the roof of our house doesn't crush us, in the abrupt jolting! At any rate, you can see, how, while an earthquake on the opposite side of the planet, probably won't affect us, much... if one did occur, however, our familiar societal boundaries, such as health, wealth, status, or youth would all be

crossed, as natural disasters are no  
respector of persons. Well, on a brighter  
note, we here are expecting no earthquake,  
today... just plenty of good sunshine. I  
hope you have a good new week ahead.

Greg.

~

I attended two years of collegiate study, in  
the late nine teen eight tees. *By the end of  
the second year, I was exasperated, with  
my migraines, and had to give it up.* I

moved, and got a job, found a roommate,  
and did all I knew how to do, at the time,  
*which was visual art.* When I think, of the  
forces involved in such things as weather  
emergencies, and natural disasters, brought  
on by water vapor, and the sun's heat... I  
think, that it's helpful to see the planets'  
atmosphere, as a matrix, of vast  
dimensions. *And, it may be alive, or  
assume appearances of life, in any way it  
wants, to both bless me, or scare me.* So,  
my logical guess, is that I couldn't cause  
any rain storm, or any storm... much less a  
tornado... but, I might happen to find a pre  
sentience, through looking at my artists

pen, or brushes... or through looking at only subtlest impulse of inspiration, in the written word... and through this way arrive upon an inference, or sign which I might spot, (or which my reader might spot,)

before hand. *But, I've never really consciously seen any pre sentience, until later, in hind sight.* Then I will usually say, something like, "How could I have missed that clue?" But, at any rate, in hind sight, I can say, how, "If the future contains a thing, then it will likely come up in my visual art... *I can't sketch an abstract thing, without including the future, per se.*" So, you see? But, some of my recent sketches,

have been taken directly from nature, or from a photographic enlargement, of nature... *and there fore are just an 'Exalted patch of Grass.'* They already stand for their objects. At any rate. The more I think about a thing, the larger it appears to grow, in my mind... the more imposing. So, when I have a down time, I want to remember to get back unto my pen and notebook, or word processor keyboard. As I sit out behind our house, in a shady place, out of the direct glare of the sunn, I'm perusing, some recent audio book chapters, and gazing at these trees in the amber sunn set glow, again, *here as the gentle breezes*

*move through this environment.* With my word processor keyboard on my lap, I am receptive to whatever should emerge, idea wise. As I look into this audio chapter, from seven years ago, I can kind of project my self back, to this earlier time... in my mind... *and imagine, my taking a giant seven year stride, back forward, into this very present, now.* I guess, that, this is my best Rip Van Winkle, so far, as I can tell.

At any rate, I can see my ideas, above, especially, on the 'matrix' nature of Earth's atmosphere... to be good. I think back, and can remember at least four incidents, which have irrefutably, (at least in my mind,)

shown how, Earth's atmosphere has got it  
all over we mortal beings... we humans.  
We appear to tend to think, that we are the  
sharpest tools in the shed... *but I have to  
just tell you of some of the things I have  
seen, heard, and thought.* Once, back in  
twenty twelve, our house got some new tin  
stamped laidles, to cook with, and to stir  
liquids. One of these laidles, it seemed,  
one week, had broken off at the handle,  
while stirring a pitcher of tea... making our  
drinks. *This introduced a strange quark  
like variable, into our lives.* I had a brand  
new five pack of blank cee dee ares, in  
jewell cases, and still in the un opened

package. After our store trip, I had placed them in the middle drawer in my computer desk, in the craft room at the end of the girls side of the house. *I was the only one that ever would have gone into my computer desk.* The next morning, I thought of my blank media, and opened the drawer to get the package out. All five jewell cases had been shattered at the corner, like someone had fired a bullet through all five, missing the cee dee ares, but ruining all five jewell cases. No gun shot had been heard. *The shattered pieces of the jewell cases which had flown from the parts, were scattered about, in the*



*drawer, around the five pack.* The cellophane was torn at the corners, in a random looking manner, like it had been blown through, by a bullet. Was it a hoax? A cruel joke, at my expense? I don't know. Another time, I was sitting up in my bed at another home, in a near by town, reading, to pass the time, while listening to recorded music. *Suddenly, there was a jolt, a thunderous boom, from beneath the bed.* The bed jumped up two or three inches, and the tremendous boom echoed down the hall, *as if someone had fired a twelve gauge shotgun, under the bed.* The manager had come running, certain that

someone had inadvertently committed suicide with such a gun. We looked all under the bed, and in the closet... there was zero sign of anything unusual. I've never quite found the answer, to this one. *I think, that a space time vacuum bubble, formed beneath the bed.* When the bubble had collapsed, the air crashed into the empty space with a gigantic boom. This was the explanation, I could see. Another time, at another home, only a few years back, a similar boom happened right behind my head, as if someone had hit the metal shed I was sitting in with a sledge hammer, right outside where I was sitting... behind me.

No one there. Well, you should be able to tell, from these three incidents alone, how I tend to think. There had been another time, when I had heard what sounded like howitzer shots from somewhat around my apartment complex... several such booms.

*Well, you can see, I've seen and heard enough to tell me, the atmospheric matrix is Gods home. I would say, a guess, is that lots of activity happens all around we people, in the spaces between us, which we never can see, or can in any way be aware of... this seems clear, and I've written on this before.* Well, I've been wanting to write this article for nearly a decade, but

haven't felt it would work... until now.

What do you think? I've really never seen any you eff oh, or been 'taken,' by aliens, or anything like that... *as I tend to see ghosts,*

*and the faces of those whom have gone before...* and I'm pretty clear, here, on how our human afterlife is in the collective soul, or collective unconscious... un be known to we mortals, and can be seen as being in the spaces around, and between us... and just outside of our direct eyesight, and field of vision... *and appearing most usually at the periphery, of our vision.* Does this explain,

anything to you? At any rate, these are some thoughts, this good evening in mid

late June. I haven't experienced any thing as extreme as what I've spoken of in this article, in at least three years. *But, I often get the sense of being trampled by wilder beasts... as recently as this morning, when this happened to me, before snack time.*

These sorts of phenomena, are usually traumatizing, but can't much be spoken of... as no one would know what I am talking about! But, on the lark, I'm including these experiences, here in this writing, today. Tomorrow, I'll share it in the online forum.

Well, anyway, all for now. Greg.

~

When one wishes to move his or her writing project along, to rise above the kind of stagnation, which sometimes comes, as our outward view of ourselves, doesn't always come up unto the standards, of our inside views of self... *he can do that.* Situating him or her self in front of his word processor keyboard, or at his or her notebook, he begins to peer inwardly. Simply by writing the first cogent ideas which arise to the surface, we can get a

writing project started. *As further ideas come along, a momentum is began.* This is a lot like what it's like for the jazz musician... simply starting a flowing, and gradually adding unto it, expressively, until the 'hidden melodies,' begin to emerge. With your recording device running, you'll be sure and capture, what ever comes forth... the musician can play what ever comes to mind... so you see the potential, for such great self expression, through this.

*The more experience you have, at this practice, the more you'll be able to glean, and garner, from just any flowing.* Simply through looking at the ranges of nearness

es and distances, he can readily tell much, about a time... how is this time like others which have come before? How is it different? How large, and competent, do one's typist hands feel... whether more, or less capable... *in good context with other writings*. As you can plainly see, the years of writing have given myself an expressive freedom, and command over my writers craft. (*Good Lord willing*) Yet, despite this good competence, in writing... despite this gift, one will always be challenged, in other ways. Living this life, has shown me how the ease, and grace, of writing, is just the factor, which is such a variable...



sometimes, the hinderance, to just any new writing, will be exaggerated, ones' mind becoming something of a 'battle field,' of clashing, colliding forces, of such intensity, and corrosive ness, that he or she is forced to make note of such. *Other times, one's writing will be smoothed in such love, and patience, that the writer, is given practically, unto thinking, how, no good thing, is beyond his or her reach...* that the only limitations, are those which are self imposed. There are just so many, many different kinds of writing sessions... some times, *its all around the dynamic tension, between an antagonist, and the tender,*

*patient writer... who is more or less fore bearing, despite, the ripping, tearing icy winds... etching into his or her sensitive, exposed areas.* The mastery, really coming, in how one is able to be tolerant, even in the face of evil... and in allowing this tolerance to be his or her main attribute... and keeping up exacting standards, no matter how scathing, how corrosive, is the acidity... *the main thing, really, being in the concealing of this inner pain, and in not allowing it to affect, or show up in, your work.* Some writings, are given as if taking in the beautiful vista, as if from a mountain top. Still other

writings, will be only a remembering, of this type of effect... *in the past sense*. The 'imagined' grandeur, when focused into a new writing project, can yet appear to have been so very real... when in fact, the 'golden' times, of a writers paths, exist mainly in the minds of the readers... in the 'eyes of the beholder...' *or long ago*. Real life, in creating this kind of media, is most commonly inn voluted, tormented, and often painful... for the writer... but the reader, yet is given the picture, of an ideal time... an artistic kind of Elesieum, of Heavenly natures... *as if such work were composed, within the repose, of an Utopian*

*Eden.* All of these kinds of states of mind, come along, in process of writing any given book. If the time, in Earth, is easier, or more difficult... *such may appear to shape, the writers' process experience.* Writings given only of perseverance, and patience, and hammered out so painstakingly, are sometimes the most cherished... as in the saying, of how, *'the value of our dollar, is in the work, it required for you to earn it.'*

Most times, I do feel this way... but, just what would I do, if I couldn't work, physically, or didn't have any clear chore assignment? *Wouldn't you make your own program, to make use of the given free*

*time?* But, what if the Good Lord, never gave unto you the gumption, to work, or do creative work? Say, you're completely contented, already... what then? Well, then, you would only have to find a cushion, to sit upon... and that would be all there was to it. So, but seeing these different ways, do you still keep trying, no matter the difference. *If you can, do this, you'll discover the benefits, of a diverse course of writing... and these new literary or artistic lands, will welcome you in, every time!*

And, welcome your reader. So, these are some ideas. 'In the afterglow, of a wonderful emergence... on the wings, of a

new expression... can I still hold unto the  
feminine, the passive role, and keep only  
unto the lasting, and the timeless? The  
classic?' *One would hope so, indeed.* Well,  
you can see some of the ideas which come,  
unto the patient... the thorough. May they  
serve you well. To peer into the ever  
changing human mind, and consciousness...  
remember the ways of how, *while the  
ripples may change the sides, of the  
stream, they will, eventually reach the  
sea... and evaporate, in time, to fall again  
as rain.* As you see, while the poem's  
word's meanings, were of one mind, to  
start... this consciousness, then, re joined

the greater host, and the words were seen in  
symphony, with all others. *To me, this is  
just as crucial an understanding, as is any  
other... and plays an important part, in the  
greater symphony... just as vital as any  
other instrument.* And, the molecule of  
water, doesn't consider its own nature... it  
just simply is water, and has natural  
courses, determined by real factors. This  
molecule, always tends to return to the  
larger body of water... *lastly, the ocean...* to  
be at one with all other water molecules.

At any rate, these are some concluding  
thoughts, unto this part six, of this audio  
book. Just because a course of literature

isn't glamorous, or produced at great monetary expense... *even if the words are plain, and you till littarian... much can be said, with these words, when one writer is equipped with economy of form, and design.* This is like, unto, the holding unto the minimum, of expressive symbols... to say what you are trying to say... *not over doing anything.* Anyways, I'll pass this writing along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~



Another writer has said, 'Love is touching souls.' How do lovers join hearts from afar? *This is a human commonality... this 'belief, in a spiritual omniscience.'* Being in the same school with the heavenly Angels... the enlightened human soul can see into Infinity... can, indeed, join in unison, with any other soul, anywhere... in this present moment... or so it appears to me. Our living years, those alive presently... *perhaps equate unto the Afterlife environs, for the civilizations which have gone before.* I think it's true,

that empty space is something of an uncharted, unknown land, for we living here on Earth, presently. And, it does seem to me, that we'll enter into this kind of domain, after our mortal, physical lives are individually over... we'll come to better 'understand the mysteries,' and be entertained of a much finer, subtler waking conscious awareness, than we have ever known... *this is what I think*. One of the earliest, and best memories which we are given, as people in a society of equals, is that of the distant joining of hearts, in *telepathic love*. Those who have felt, and experienced this form of extra sensory

perception, can never forget. These people won't be so enthralled by the internet chat rooms, and forums... and, already seeing all sentient life as joined, by mysterious forces, somewhat beyond mortal comprehension, will have their minds more upon, say, history, or physical science.

(The internet, as it is, is so Byzantine, that the subtle, nuanced dimensions of the human mind, are a bit shy, and averse to this endless quantization. These technologies, themselves... the impersonal ways of big data, are such encumbrance.)

*but the consolidation of all past human knowledge and records into an searchable*

*knowledge base, this is real... focusing these records, of most of all museums and libraries... into the palm of your hand, is priceless.* So you see, the computer's 'love,' is somewhat 'junk...' but it's reading rooms are exquisite. This is just how I see it. *Look within... find, maybe, your inner center.* Move forward, a bit more... and step into the astral stream... (others have used different names...) which runs down the middle front of your solar plexus... and you can feel it... you've stepped into Nirvana. (For instance...) *This cascading stream of photons... here, you can spread your wings, and fluff your feathers, and let*

*them drape downward... in the solar stream! Bathe in it's unifying light.*

Perspectives, upon God... *how is any kind of Deity consciousness the answer, unto your most prescient doubts, and fears?*

Simply affirm, to yourself, this peace... you can imagine how this knowledge of this solar stream, for instance, can assist yourself in many life areas, and settings. *And, others have spoken of 'energy flow,' or 'photon bath.'* Just try it. See your self succeeding, in the management of all of your migraines. *(Around those people, and situations.)* See your whole self doing well... *and feeling good.* If you're like me,

you have a few books, at home... open any one of them... *and, a voyeur's paradise.*

*And if you're a writer, just through allowing your writer's voice to roam, and...*

Wow. I think it's basic to most people... this strong 'readers' mind, as well. Isn't fantasy a little bit better than reality? I think it's true, more people are able to touch their dreams, today... in more ways... than ever before. What does this mean?

*Having the right, and the least expensive, tools, and instruments to realize your dreams... for more people, than ever dreamed possible. So, I think that our dreams blur over into our ordinary lives,*

more these days. *With such great possibilities close at hand, why be sad?*

So, and with a virtual reality head set, and feeling the tactile illusions, of that imagined reality... *you see, stepping into a luminous current of photons, to 'purge your capacitors,' doesn't sound so impossible...* there you see dreams, and reality, blending and mixing, in fine fashion. And, this gives new meaning to the term *'endorphine junkie.'* (Some of us don't need a head set, for this, though) At any rate, we here are enjoying this last day of June... I sit out in our back yard, with my writing in my lap, and I'm just sure, that this is one of the

more pleasant dreams, I've ever had, (if living, now, could be compared to dream... *I'd want to sample, and replicate this one, and dabble a little of it out, from time to time.*) Prospects look good, from here. At any rate, you can see my thoughts, for they are written down, and placed in the common area. I hope I haven't over spoken, or miss stated the obvious... *as 'empty space is (obviously) hollow,' and the more you work a bellows, the more comes out of it... this is clear.* Just so that, the empty space in the middle doesn't 'storm, in a tea cup...' storms worry me. *But after a pleasant dream, it seems to me, your odds*



*look better.* Well, all for now, I'll send this  
along your way. Greg.

~

I was thinking, recently, about how best to  
see the 'Afterlife' enigma. For millennia,  
man has seen, and thought of this passage  
as the end of life... *the end, for all  
practical purposes, of the souls'  
association with the others living on Earth.*  
This belief is just such tradition. *But, we  
might just be given to over look, the main*

*thing, about Heaven.* I have seen only recently, how, when someone dies, their positive spatial volume (foreground in the visual sense,) reverses, and becomes negative spatial volume, (back ground, visually,) and their negative volumes becomes positive. You see, when a person goes to Heaven, perhaps, they, in effect, step up, a level... past our mortal predicament... and our mortal world. *Life on Earth, I believe is central, to Spirit,* although, I think, that it is seen as something of multi hued dream sphere, running in the midst of these souls' imagination... *they are somewhat past, or*

*around, but controlling, at this level, and dreaming things along... from outside, and around this dream sphere.* Although some may be unconscious, in death, the awoke departed encompass and circumscribe the material plane. This is what is meant by my writing of the 'gardens' which enfold and encompass our living sphere. This is a circumspect view. At any rate, it's easy for me to see into this sort of thing, because I've been to the other side, and somewhat survived to tell. This, in effect, set me back, a ways, into the waters, of the collective unconscious... as basically, a 'Dweller on the Threshold,' *only with me,*

*the dream side, really, has the most say...*  
*the dreams, fantasies, and beings which*  
*are continually playing around this*  
*'threshold.'* I stay in a group home, largely  
because, if I were faced with only my  
solitary ways, in an independent living type  
of arrangement, I would, I know, get drawn  
too far, into the land of shades... until I  
would completely lose track of consensus  
reality, and have a serious self injury. At  
any rate, this is what I can't allow, *because*  
*I don't think that I would survive a third*  
*serious self injury.* People that have never  
had to deal with major depression,  
probably won't have a clue what I'm talking

about. I myself had a blessed childhood; I never gave my healthy psyche a thought... *I kept right on living my life, and doing what I wanted to do, doing my thing... working, and living. (And drinking.)* Only ten years

after my high school graduation, as I approached the decade of my thirties, around age twenty seven, did I really break down, and have a crisis. And, this is when I had my first serious self injury. So, and while I was to get sick again, five years

after this first breakdown, *since Thanksgiving of two thousand and three, I've stayed clean and sober,* in fact remaining in group home living, resting, as

well as working, and developing, as well as  
managing these intellectual properties,  
*which you can find on these web pages.* At  
any rate, back unto my thoughts of the  
'Afterlife.' As I've looked at it through  
many many lenses, through the years, I've  
come to see this proximal afterlife sphere,  
(Or, my own relationship to Eternity... the  
negative spaces, around my mind brain  
junction... the spaces I move through each  
day... the airs I inhabit,) to be, for my  
practical purposes, the Fountain of  
limitless creativity... the Elysium, of such  
rare, and lucid ambrosia, that my needs are  
few, save for finding, and locating just

'what is on my mind,' *today, or any most any day*. And, as these good understandings go onto my written pages... and as I allow smooth follow through, in my personal life, and find continuation, from week to week, from month to month, in this manner... I've discovered real purpose, in living, and in following the wills of these Ascended beings, in my midst, (unseen, but there,) *and in finding value, through this, artistically, and philosophically, and in keeping and sharing this equity*. This is why I would say, to hold unto the passive, feminine principle, in living, and in writing... and, only awaiting, the fully

trusted inspiration. So, you can see my values, through this text. *If I didn't have anything to show for the time passed, nowadays, I probably wouldn't bother with, or care about it.* So, you see, this literature, is central, unto my path, and my life on this Earth. At any rate, these are just some thoughts, this early July afternoon, this year. As this writing has come slowly, I've only, just gradually come to see... these thoughts are good, as usual; I've really seen the Spirit moving through my life, and mind, *in writing this year's book.* Maybe you'll agree... time well spent... writing, and reading. Well, all for



now, I'll send this along your way, now.

Greg.

*(A note from the writer: While I do try to see myself succeeding, in the management of my migraines, these thoughts, are mainly my 'own vain imaginings,' since no one really knows, for sure, what awaits for us after our mortal life... for no one has ever conclusively proven that consciousness even continues at all, following mortal death. So, really, my best thinking, will still be just 'vain imaginings.' No one, really, has any special claim on knowledge of these afterlife matters... all we can do is look, upon our best thinking, on external*

*media, and size up, for ourselves, inwardly,  
what is really right... and what is just  
illusion. All for now. Greg.)*

~

As I read back across this new chapter, as I've gotten it, so far, I can see plainly, how these writings appear to hover somewhat, through this area, around the topic of the Deity, as we can perceive it in mortal life. You see, the number seven, is thought to

symbolize this relationship, in numerology.

This is chapter seven, of this audio book.

At any rate, with this understanding, given,

I can see just what else, is beneath the surface, of my mind, today. As I sit here, this sultry, partly cloudy Wednesday afternoon, in July, I'm inwardly awaiting, for some free time to develop, so that I can get down unto what is on my mind, this good day. *With everything that's going on around me, on a day like today, it's about all I can do, to hold my own ground, in this group living arrangement.* I remember, as a young man, of about twenty six years of age, coming into consciousness, of some of

the unseen powers, which shaped who I was, and the things I did, in those days... and was given a clear vision, so to speak, of some of the component natures, which did shape my life... I could see, how while our surface appearances appeared to me to be one way, the underlying personalities, of my then present life situation, could easily be discerned. This I guess, was neither good nor bad, in itself, but I could plainly see, how, as people, our consciousness is somewhat given of a multiplicity, of beingness, and component natures... *I was looking for, the pure light of good walking, and right speaking. But, I had to get past*

*the sinful natures, of my then lost soul. At any rate, these types of experiences are like what was meant by, being trampled by wildebeasts. There is, I told myself, or was, a pure light of untold brilliance, which I then knew I had to find. At any rate, at that time period, to say 'I had a lot to get through,' would have been an understatement. So, and in hind sight, twenty five years later, I can easily see, how, such inner noise, and confusion, required my 'waiting it out...' and watchfully awaiting, for the muddy pond, to gradually return to translucence., and the dirty sediment, to sink to the bottom of*

*the pond.* When, I see a sign like this one, today, I would say, that the notion of Deity, for myself, now, *is just a mention, of Higher Power.* This is something we all have, and are guided by... a kind of an facet of my own make up... higher than my own mortal self, alone. *But, to look upon ones self, in the mirror, and see someone else, is a kind of claustrophobia, which I think, is brought on by over dwelling, upon this concept, of 'seven.'* As a calendar day, for instance. I understand the concept best, in the healthy sense, to be the Dance, and energies, between myself, and my 'trusted familiar.' **Not, however, any power that**

**would, or wants to interfere with my own best ways.** I think, that like the Sun, one's Deity, or Higher Power, requires that one not dwell directly upon, this facet, of ones self. For, looking directly upon such reality, would burn your eyes. *So, I understand better, now, and, resume my Dancing, (as a metaphor for creative living, and writing especially.) getting along down this page, before me.* So, now, that was a contorted little gauntlet, I would say, indeed. But, the point of writing, is to get into step, with the best illumination, in a good way, so, getting along, and attending to the responsibilities of group

home living, are foremost. *You know, meals, medications, hi jean, and chores.*

Getting along with others, is par for the course. As is, ones creative pursuits, and holding out faith, in ones good abilities, to see ones self, through the occasional miss understanding, or miss con strew ment.

Well, I'll pause this writing, for a moment, to get my needs attended unto. Well, now it's after our meal time, and I'm going to finish this article up, and get it with the others. This is such good, such articulate thinking, in this writing, and I just want to share it with someone. This has been a good example of the type of puzzle, which



writers, are often trying to figure out... *that we found so many good ideas, out of this topic, is marvelous.* Well, all for now,  
Greg.

~

Sitting down to write, this afternoon, I can tell, my mind is full of good ideas... *it's just in channeling, and directing them effectively.* As a twenty year old, I had a dream job, working in the laboratory, for a Native American museum. Working around

scientists, doing the job of making illustrations, of artifacts, and dig sites, to be used in scientific reports... this was some of the best experience of my life. I had grown up, interestedly reading about native peoples the world over, and their paleo histories, in National Geographic.

*So, having a job at a Native American monument, and museum, in the lab, was enviable.* In the years since, and especially since the availability of internet services, and computers, and smart phones, I've been able to pursue many ideas in archaeology, and paleo man... *not only in the Americas, but other lands as well.* In the recent

decade, I have often looked at the information about the Gobleki Tepe, or 'Potbelly Hill,' archaeo dig site in Southern Anatolia Turkey. *Dating to around nine to eight thousand years BCE. this Neolithic site is thought to be the worlds oldest megalithic temple.* This is twice the age of the Pyramids, of Egypt. According to a source, I read a year or two ago, this is a megalithic site, with some of the central limestone stone pillars being five point five meters in height, elaborately carved, and placed at the center of twenty meter wide circles, on the floors which were dug down a ways. These circles were like stone

enclosures... several of these... descending like small amphitheaters, downward, with a lot of small stones made into walls, stacked like bricks and dug out some ways, and recessed, down to the lowest level and then later, oddly, re buried... *then preserved, and excavated in the nineteen nineties.* The carvings on the fifteen foot stone pillars have been somewhat interpreted, and appear to show sky constellations, and have details, about a comet, or space light, that emerged from some certain region of the night sky, the constellation indicated... and which is thought to have brought an end to the last

ice age, eleven thousand years ago, by falling into the Earth, and making plasma shock waves, *which quickly melted a lot of continental ice accumulations, creating the present day oceans, by flooding the seabed.*

At any rate, this temple appeared somewhat before, and shortly after the comet or

meteorite fell to Earth... hence, as

excavated, *it stands as a testament unto what is thought to be the Biblical Deluge, of the Noah's Arc fame.* The worlds oldest megalithic temple. Ice Ages are thought to be on a one hundred thousand year cycle, with temperate periods between each Ice Age. *From my reading, there have been a*

*lot of peaks, and valleys, along the global temperature graph, following the general periods, little Ice Ages have been sprinkled in among spikes in temperature. So, a comet or meteorite is thought to have been what caused the last Ice Age to melt. At any rate, I relate this so that the reader can see, some of the dirth of information, about megalithic structures, and geologic science... as the Ice Ages appear differently from the temperate periods in the Geological records, (like core samples, and strip mine wall profiles,) which show layers of Geologic time, stretching back into infinity. This information, I give unto*

this part seven, of this audio book, and I hope it serves to give perspective, upon the oldest temple sites, known to modern man.

Interestingly, *the oldest Meso American pyramid was built somewhat later by the Olmecs, around nine hundred years before the common era.* Some people think that the Americas are metaphorical equivalent to the Biblical Caanan land, which the Chosen peoples, the Hebrew, were to eventually settle, but this is hypothetical.

*In the nine teen nineties, I attended several support groups, for substance abuse, and mental illness, while in court ordered therapy. The two that helped me the most, were Alcoholics Anonymous, and Double Trouble. The AA meetings were helpful, and I learned just a few things about the Twelve Step Program, and the motto: 'Just for today,' says it right, for me, most every day. Those good people, also showed me how to use caffeine, to help manage my cravings, for alcohol. This good fellowship, and guidance, is still around today, for those who are willing to attend*



*the meetings.* The other group, which I benefited from, was the Double Trouble. This term stands for, a dual addiction and mental illness type of situation. This group was for the people who not only had substance abuse issues, but also had to manage mental illness symptoms. I fit in well, with my unique, difficult addictions, which I hid from the others so well. (*Or so I thought.*) Here, I was introduced to the concept of '*stinking thinking.*' If only I could have known, of the interconnecting cognitive fabric, among adult minds... I wouldn't have been so quick to make the assumption, that I was getting away with

my shop lifting, and pill abuse. (*self  
medicating.*) So, the bad behavior  
continued. This 'stinking thinking,' is in  
my view, the main thing which grown ups  
always have to watch out for, and think  
about. I myself, as a person, might be well  
enough, and staying upon the path, so to  
speak, but despite this normalcy, ones mind  
sometimes exhibits sigh kick pre  
sentience... or turbulence, at the surface  
level, which appears to point unto the past  
present future flowing... *and the ways that  
the future, some times comes back unto our  
present, in the forms of this turbulence,  
and anxiety.* This can cause 'stinking

*thinking.'* Sometimes we just don't know quite what the signs point unto... whether the past, or as yet to become, in the future. *Often a future gauntlet, of any sort, shows up before the fact, as turbulence... as we indeed cherish our inner tranquility.* For instance, 'having to hear the preacher do his sermon,' might be the most intense part, of ones' day.... *something so simple as this might be the source of the stress.* So, you see, the cognitive turbulence, usually isn't anything horrible, or terrible at all... but simply the problem, of having to divide ones attention, between your own self absorption, *and the words of judgment, and*

*revelation, and discernment, which are on the radio, for instance.* You'll have to lay yours aside, and pay attention to the pastor. Sorry. This won't be anything bad, really, but just the '*shared experience,*' of joining a group of others, in being 'talked unto.'

And this might be the source of the 'turbulence.' Well, does this apply to you? The answer might be obvious, yet you still might miss it. I would say, that during troubling times, like these twenty first century ones are, *placing ones words upon high, (as being good examples of the right way to think,) brings strict criticism back upon ones own self... as just whose to say,*

*which way the wind should blow... north or south...* and there may even be those, in the present, who would challenge, your thinking, *because of, for instance, its aesthetics based philosophies.* Let me give you an example. The church pastor, would say, one thing, and the secular humanist, might would say another. One is based upon Biblical truth, for instance, *the other, upon logical rationale, and what 'looks right,' or 'sounds right,' logically.* You see the difference. So the minister, will walk away with the victory. *But, the philosopher, might well feel, well enough, that the Biblical truth, is fine... and be in*

*an philosophical accordance, with such, more or less... but the pastor, will be watching over his flock, and will see any worldly thinking, even 'philosophy of mind,' as 'of the devil,' or 'Baael.'* So, the poor philosopher, who just may have made the mistake of wandering into the church crowd, un intentionally, might still be 'challenged,' or criti sised. These are some of the various thoughts, which at times arise, *as there are many many philosophies, and ways of thinking... some demand one's attention, and obedience, others are mainly, for want of a better term, 'poetic,' or 'artistic,' ways of*

*thinking.* The writing of 'Self help,' literature is, I would say, my main focus, these days... and definitely not, arguing with anyone's 'strongly held beliefs.' This is just something you've got to plainly re assure people. But, back unto the Alcoholics Anonymous, and the good it did for myself... this, I think was mainly in the honest re assurance, that other grown ups in my peer group *have been through the same cravings for alcohol, and have had to find better things to do, and think about, and be around...* I would offer, how my writing, or journal, is the main thing, for me, and piano... *I do have bad days, and*

*when I can apply myself unto one of these hobbies... I find, I make good sense, out of pressures, and problems... and having something to show for the time, then, is very important.* Well, I would just say, how, being in the secular camp, I tend to emphasize Theosophical themes... such as the sanctity of all life, especially human life... and the ability we all have, as humans, to transform our lives, (not only, in context with our societies' social welfare systems,) and typing ability, or playing an instrument, or sketching, may be all such requires. From crude beginnings, we can create virtually any good thing. Well, that



about covers it, for now. I'll send this your way, now. Greg.

~

Allow me, now, to just give you an example, of any ordinary day, in my grown up world... and the pain, and regrets, of the types of 'stinking thinking,' which some of us find, in being human souls, and in sorting through, and trying to make sense of, *'manifestations of imbalance, from out of the minds and actions of others.'* And, let

me just tell you, what I often am left with,  
in this type of arrangement... where people  
*'have to live together,'* and have to get  
along with one another, even those with  
different ways... you see, When one gets to  
sit quietly, unto him or her self, to look,  
and see just what is beneath the surfaces, of  
his consciousness... he only wants to  
quieten the back and forth kind of male  
female bickering mentalities, which get  
started. *At a time we finally start to  
realize, that 'No one can change your life,  
except for you.'* When, we then, agree to  
put a stop unto the bitter resentments,  
which go back and forth, as people realize,

*'Substantial time, has passed, and 'What do I have to show for myself?,' and realizing that that the answer is 'Not much,' you'll see, then, as usual, that this will, probably be because, your creative impetus, your mentors, and influencers were lazy in attempting any real 'artistic role modeling,' it wasn't in the cards... and, correspondingly, that you just, lacked the instruments, and tools, because 'You never thought of that,' and were too busy 'Shooting the bull' with so and so, because you didn't know any better. (But, then again, you weren't happy, already, weren't you?) When we really see, the apparent*

fact that people like that must lack much of any creative gumption, for themselves to be so lackadasical and complacent, as to never grow, or expand themselves outwardly. You'll see, then, as we take account, and realize, that the careless, swashbuckling, devil may care attitudes, which some throw around, at some times, have lost, or wound up 'getting hurt,' *maybe then, we'll agree, that, 'We have a difference of views,'* and then, try in a more sincere manner, to improve the 'one person who I really have any control over, (which will be 'number one,' 'Myself,') then, maybe the bitter negativity, and resentment,

will subside, and the 'Happy, and well adjusted,' people, will gladly resume diligent self pursuits, and will offer forgiveness, in abundance, unto that one, who might have lashed out, or accused, negatively..." *then, the 'Lion will lay down with the meek children... Both will rest,'* and we'll all see happiness throughout the land. But, as long as those 'weasel words,' keep echoing around, up in our heads, and the negativity, and diss satisfaction, and the brooding sense that, *'I resent what you said to me,'* or *'how you treated me,'* goes *'unsaid,'* then we'll just go around and around, defeating our purposes, and

flummoxing our faculties. I write these words, *partly to allow some amount of imperfection into my artistic visage...* and so that the others, will not forget my 'mortal limits.' I have also, to relate, that there will always be another mountain to climb... and we might do best, to 'make ourselves content,' through the simplest means possible. ***This, for myself, is this writing presently, as I enjoy making sense out of difficulties, and logical order, out of chaos.*** If you can't follow these thought processes, or find yourself wishing for more intelligent writing, then, you might could do better, yourself. And, if this is the

best I can do, today, then so be it. At any rate, just some thoughts. *I hope you can see, that most any writing, is good... or can be made good... you won't be so quick to give up, on writing sessions, because your ideas appear so retrograde... you'll know, how even these difficult articles can be made to read well.* I guess that about covers it. All for now, Greg. *I think, that one of the most enduring, and influential civilizations of the ancient world, was the Roman Empire.* You probably know, their system of government, was such that the upper class ruled, and they were very influential, and encompassed at their

height, more than one million square miles, of land, stretching from the Mediterranean, to Asia, and Africa. One of the lessons of history, is that, if the Gods in their Heaven ever lose interest, in a civilization, it won't last long, after that. I think, the recent overturning of the United States abortion laws, mainly reflects this time we're in, and how, with a divisive issue, like that is, the government has just said, that it will no longer sanction, and allow for, the aborting of human fetuses... because the issue has grown too thorny, and there's a lot of worries, too many worries, over the 'state of the nation,' and, the need to stop any



practices, which might be *working against* our peoples... as everyone, has felt the sting of these difficult times, we're in. Our nations' leaders, in our capitol, have just agreed, that for the government to say that, categorically, 'abortion is okay,' or to agree that we can just 'terminate,' any pregnancy, brings on potential liabilities, of a dire nature... and stokes worries of civilization collapse. *That's all the ruling says.* No longer will our government take mothers under its wings, and tell them, 'its alright to abort your pregnancy.' At any rate, we're trying to see, and protect the American children, who may have been neglected, or

forgotten, during our years of difficulty and war, in trying to fight Islamic extremism.

With added emphasis on these children, which constitute the promise of any society, and also, the unborn, *we're trying to renew our respect for all life, and especially young human life.* I'd say, if we'd implement measures, to make our beef, and pork, and poultry, industries more humane... we'd also be doing ourselves a favor. *Because these industries, are just killing machines, and there's too much waste, not enough respect for dignity.*

Maybe you have seen otherwise? *You see, the problem with the Roman Empire, is*

*thought to have been the institutional corruption, such as homo sexuality, and the Romans were known for their permissiveness on abortion. So, the story goes, the Angels, and Prophets, in Heaven grew diss interested, in the Roman state, and it simply just collapsed. Maybe if the State had been less permissive, they'd still be around. At any rate, you'll see how, we're still a young nation, and should chart our course carefully. Let the world know, there is such respect for life, and although we've seen some bad gun violence, we're never going to preclude the average home owner from owning a gun. I think,*

actually, the recent shootings might never  
would have happened... if the large  
capacity rifle magazines were outlawed...  
*make them contraband... not the rifle.* At  
any rate, these thoughts have been on my  
mind, for some time. I'm thankful for this  
internet, through which to share them.

Well, all for now, Greg.

~

To me, raising healthy kids, and the

notions, around the concept of fatherhood, per say, are pretty much, just about, *past my ability ranges*. I think, my substance abuse, and mental illness history *pretty much precludes me from getting too into that*. I for one, can easily see, how in order to raise any youth, who will be competitive, in any real sense, parents will have to impart, the sixth sense faculty necessary to, not only spot the wills of the 'coyote,' when they come up, (and they will, given time) *but also, to be impervious, to such coyote ways*. This is so important to see! So, to me, myself being given over almost single minded, to the

following of my *'intuitive faculties,'* and my ways of drawing insight from out of my *'mistakes, and tumults, and havocs,'* in other words, 'making lemonade from out of my lemons...' you will see, and "get," this 'writers path,' for myself... *the times of chaos, and ashes, from which the phoenix arises...* long before you 'get,' a role of fatherhood, for myself. Partly because my ways, are such a path of artistic surrealism, *really a using of my own paranoid faculties, to, in effect keep me upon the right path...* and knowing that this type is a bit of a blur... and is just a part of my make up... *I stay out of child rearing, more or*

*less intentionally.* I don't drink today, but I used to. This is a distinction, indeed. At any rate, my reader might see myself, however, as a kind of '*parents resource,*' for the good understandings, and the clearing up, of ambiguities, *which young parents might have, about raising healthy kids amid the worldly classes...* in effect, a 'catcher in the rye,' who can easily spot many dual disorder type of symptoms. (substance abuse, and mental illness.) I would see myself, this way, rather than trying to raise kids of my own. Because, partly of my age, and how I believe I can see, how difficult it would be to put '*my*

*self,' entirely aside, and take up the cause of a child... because I'm so self absorbed.*

*But, the difficult adolescence many kids face, today, I myself faced, thirty five years ago, in the middle eighties. I do know how*

*my reading allowed me to expand my intelligence quotient, independent of the*

*school classroom. Without this good reading life, and inner reference system, I*

*might wouldn't have even survived the decade of my twenties. At any rate, you*

*might find, as I have, that in living our lives, we need to be definite, in our beliefs, and self concepts, and in our intentions. In*

*other words, we should thoroughly 'know*



thyself,' and 'to thine own self be true.' This will be the only way, to avoid getting way laid, by the opportunistic ways of others, and their scam schemes... as, the song goes, something like, 'Time is such an irresolute factor, in our lives... *and, we might be largely unconscious of how, he takes a cigarette, and puts it in our mouth...* and sends us off down the road, in pursuit, of What? We are not altogether sure, Guess we'll find out when we get there.' This '*Time,*' character, is such a thief, as anyone knows, and this effect is exacerbated, by poverty, or karmic self displacement.

Many many young people, are 'on a

journey,' *and will be getting along, from the materialist way of seeing everything, unto the spiritualist, way of seeing.* Many of us, therefore, are just 'passing time,' and are just in the hands of Angels, and not all associations, are benign... and the more focused, industrial producers, in the world, as well as, even our children, and house pets, in their innocent graces... some times have ways of exerting tremendous forces upon the 'un motivated,' and the 'less driven,', or direction less... *who might would do best, to find direction, too.* Just because someone is younger, or smaller than you, doesn't in any way mean, the

person isn't spiritually mighty... *so treat them humanely... or they will trip you up, un intentionally.* And, it is important, to avoid using cliches, and stereotypes, in the ways you think about those who you live around... because those people, whether they are children, or pets, or grown room mates, will be on their own independent paths, and courses... *not, following something that is up in your head... or your ideas... they will be so different.* And, the same goes for our older people, as well... a youth might see his older people, as just 'in decline,' and failing, in health... but, they may be more vivacious, than the younger

person... so, do you think that those grown adults are going to just 'go by,' what is in the young persons head? *No, I don't think so... because, the older will already be in the business of surviving... and the younger, would do good, to just follow, and learn, the older ways.* At any rate, when I have any concerted thinking, to arise, in my mind... then, that's when I get my pen, and notebook out... my thoughts are good, and are something more than just 'for no one.'

Yours are too. At any rate, this is all I have on this, right now. I'll send this article along your way now. Greg.

~

*Too often, in living our lives, we're 'just passing through,' living, without ethics, and our days tend to amount to a mind less kind of 'blind walking.'* What, of course, we want, is something more like what our better personalities would tell us... we want to acknowledge the higher beings, and presences always about, *and somehow access, and tap into, those higher, more circumspect perceptions.* If we could really do this, only then would we be really

conscious of spirit, and conscious in our walking... *walking with eyes open*... as spirit walks, *not as mere flesh*. Many people, will be going through the motions, of living their lives... not living passionately... only there will be someone, just inside the group, who will have an interior, spirit led, and illumined walking. People will hear him or her, and say, well, that's not the standard conventional Christian walking... or, that's secular. But what these people may not know, is that this inward looking, spirit centered style, of secular, and spiritual, blended together, might be what I've learned of to be as

'Theosophy.' For those who are unfamiliar with this concept, this way begins with, the understanding, and agreement, that 'all life is sacred,' and 'especially human life,' and it's core a larry understanding, mainly, that, *'we have vast, and expansive powers, to transform our own lives, in context with our social services... to locate a genuine art, or craft, for our selves, and for the benefit of the larger collective.'* (If we'll begin to use our time mindfully,) To me, this is where Theosophy begins, with these two concepts. Theosophy, it appears to me, is a kind of 'inter faith,' system, which, as I understand it to be, seeks to illumine occult

darkness, while high lighting the underlying commonalities, of all spiritual beliefs. *In the early twentieth century, these writers were the thinkers of the day.* Many texts were written, at that time, to, kind of 'dispel the ignorance, and superstition, which many European and American people had, with regards to, Eastern Mysticism, and, to shine a light into this matter... *for the benefit of the Western readers.'* (This, not to subjugate ourselves, to the Asian peoples, at all, but to dispel our people's general un knowing, at the time, *and highlight the inner filaments, which inter connect all faiths...*



*including our Christian.)* These writers were also, seeking a more youthful Christianity, not the empty rites, and mindless strictures, of the 'old,' 'out dated' Church, we inherited from our fore fathers... *to find something more contemporary, and intellectually relevant, for the modern peoples.* To examine the modern problems, and unknowns, and somehow further the understanding between the nations. *(Or, just between neighbors, on your street... whichever is relevant.)* At any rate, these are some thoughts, upon this... you may be somewhat 'outside,' of your conventional

belief structures, and instead have more 'circumspect,' views... then Theosophy, can be a useful symbol, for you, in fitting in, in neighborhoods where everyone seems to be an evangelist, *and to have such definite views...* you might be defined, by your circumspect ways, and necessarily, your views will be more 'inter faith.' *You'll look for agreement, and commonality, between the various faiths, more than you will adhere unto solely one way...* you will have to live in consciousness of the global ethnic diversity, and this usually means spiritual diversity, also. So, you might be drawn to Theosophy, and not the more exclusive,

possessive believers, of modern churches...

which depend upon, and want your financial assistance... your tie thing. At any rate, you can see my ideas, upon this. I

hope you'll be more open minded, in understanding, for instance, the question, 'What separates the religious from the non religious?' *These non religious peoples,*

*might just be more circumspect...* this special quality which must consider 'The

All,' of the present time... in a diverse sense, not just any one view. I hope, through this, you can understand, more

about the various beliefs, *and the intellectual fervor, and fabric, which*

*interconnects them all.* I'll send this article  
along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit down, this late afternoon, in middle  
July, to jot a few thoughts into my word  
processor, I'm pretty impressed, at how  
distorted my thinking has been... nearly the  
entire day, I've gotten a few things done,  
my weekly chores, *but meanwhile, my mind*  
*has been a bit disturbed... haunted by a*

*turbulent voice, ringing in my head, which seems a bit out sized.* All day, my back has been bent, under the weight of an invisible giant, seeming to drive me onward, with white knuckles, until just now, *I sit again to write, as the sunn is setting.* Me, I'm reflecting on this new audio book chapter, and am writing in hopes of concluding it. So, but the time, has been something... I think, some times we begin to wonder, if Mother Nature might have something up her sleeve... *but, the lands about us here, are in desperate need of rain.* (Our usual summer pattern, is a regional high pressure dome, which tends to send the low

pressure, and precipitation, around us, to the north and south.) The type of sigh kick turbulence I've been experiencing, for a while now, has just been, *a 'Much a do about nothing,' I think...* just the natural pains of getting older, and of having aging parents, *and of trying to keep it together.* Well, these are the thoughts that are in my mind, tonight, and at any rate, I hope they give a sense, of the time... I know, a writer makes his or her writing reed effortlessly, but these thoughts... these times, perhaps... aren't that easy to get down, onto this media. *It seems to be the 'in between times,' between writing sessions, when I*

*will usually be 'paying my dues..., ' and  
that's not easy. But, the actual writing  
times themselves, are quite graced, and my  
words seem to be, somewhat down linked,  
almost effortlessly. Well, these are the  
thoughts, which arise, this evening. I'll add  
them into my files, and hopefully place  
them with the others, tomorrow. All for  
now, and have a good new week. Greg.*

~

IN STARTING THIS NEW BOOK  
CHAPTER, IM REMINDED of many  
things. Indeed, these are amazing times we  
are living in... but, to be sure, life in my  
country, for some, is still, quite  
reminiscent, of the sometimes horrific  
times, and tidings, which many of us read  
about, in the papers, or saw firsthand, in  
the previous, twentieth century. *The more  
things change, the more they stay the  
same*, is still as true, I think, as it ever was,  
in any century. With plagues, wars, fires,  
floods... and terrible issues with our  
youth... and the very democratic ideals,  
upon which our country was founded, two



hundred and fifty years ago... our liberties  
still threaten to get the best of us. *We're  
like the adolescent, who has everything,  
but is soul blind...* and as such, gets  
manipulated by malevolent forces, which  
are against our way of life. Many of us  
have awoken to the fact, that money can't  
buy happiness, and so are seeking out an  
inner path. *You don't have to look far, to  
see that many, in our culture, are feeling  
great amounts of stress, in ways we never  
dreamed we would have to.* But most of us  
do all right, here, *'with a little help from  
above.'* Thriving, in the life I'm given, is  
what I'm best at... *and that usually means,*

*having something to show for the time.*

But, there are more complainers, it seems, than there are doers. Until we get this kind of mental complex to move behind ourselves. *This usually involves letting the clowns do their thing, and have their say, and getting down to what's really real, at the end of the day.* And letting this lead the way. It's just, 'Finding something that makes you happy, and doing it that way.'  
*But, what is the point, if someone pulls out a gun?* The past week has seen some of the most relaxing rest, I've ever found... but, our culture, and the sick stories we've read about, this year... *we're distracted...* we're

bothered, by an un seen per turbance, such  
that, this good feeling is elusive, and we  
begin to wonder, if we even have our  
minds. *I begin to miss the self  
affirmation... the intellectual heights, of  
writing.* So, this, then, I guess, is what  
keeps my wheels turning. See, I like fitting  
ideas together, *working, and making good  
sense...* to me, it's this, the 'spirit conscious'  
intellect, to which the road signs all point...  
*the senior perspective.* As a youth, I didn't  
quite know how to access this intellect, and  
so my stagnant mind sought refuge in thrill  
drugs... and I dived head long into trouble.  
*But, this kind of trouble is way past me.*

Today, when the stagnant moods try to push over on me, I get to my pen and paper... or my word processor. *Because, society... people, and the collective unconscious, always moves, all around we people.*

Those without intellectual means, and those with 'thin skin,' feel the brunt of it, as the other beings, of the pond, rock the lowly lilly pad. *But, at any rate, you can see my own thinking.* What, I think, it boils down unto, is this: If you'll clean up your act, and get the tocksins out of your mind, and heart... like alcohol, and tobacco, and habit forming, over the counter medicines, *then Spirit can make good usage, of your life.*

For me, I had always wanted to write. A child's 'tantalizing impetus,' comes, as some creation... *say, an expression larger than his own being... flows from through his own mind and imagination...* still today, at age fifty three, I quest after, and believe that I can be a pure and lucid mirror, unto the hidden sub reality. And, so, at a point, I'll become aware of my own 'working, and hammering,' of my thoughts out, happening in my head... (these thoughts will be bigger than myself... *unn weel dee, and happening currently to what I'm doing,*) and so I'll reach for my notebook and pen, to try and get them down onto paper... as they are

meant for me, to eventually find one or more readers. *As I sit out in the back yard, here, I'm trying to 'get my groove back.'*

Writing seems to require an access point... getting into a current of thoughts, is like, an on ramp, into the rushing current of the express way, *or entering the sure flowing of a stream, in a boat.* I've written in this way before, as this is a good way to see.

And, as I relax, out here, I can see the sparkles of sunlight refracting from the dew drops, on these newly trimmed grasses, as the heat of the day is early. I'm grateful for the good rain, we've gotten in the past few days, as the growers needed it.

I think the fauna are much happier, having gotten a good bath, and had a drink. And, of course the flora is in it's heaven. But, I can see, how this writing is coming along slowly... only incrementally progressing along down the page. If writing is like 'a mirror unto the hidden sub reality,' then, can't we somehow help solve the puzzles, before hand? *We approach the future, as if by peering through the lens, of the past.* So, while one has only a limited palate of past written expressions, we should remember, though, how space, *over time, is an infinite, ever expanding outward showing forth.* Having taken the lessons,

of the past, we should then be impervious, to them happening again? So, it helps to think of the time space consciousness, as an infinite flowering... one which never really repeats itself... this moment, is the first moment like this one, ever... but, even this thought is drawn from an limited palate of past writing experience... it's just that, *time space, is infinite, and if our doors of perception were open, and clear, we'd better see, then, this infinity.* But we're somewhat limited, by our tendency to see patterns, in the flow. If we could better see the simple beauty, in every new moment, without making assumptions, then we



wouldn't tend to repeat the past. At any rate, as I get this writing along, I'm thinking of how, there is, indeed, always this 'flow consciousness,' and maybe, this is where some of us are stronger, or in other ways, weaker. **'Flow state,' is a psychology term, first used in the nineteen seven ties... but, 'flow meditations,' or practices, are nearly as old as all of nature.** At any rate, I used the metaphor of the freeway river, as seen to the driver, or the aquatic river, to the boater. It takes faith, to enter into a flowing freeway, by matching the other vehicles, and then going along with them. This, for a novice driver,

might prove difficult, but with practice,  
gets easier. Peoples from all over the  
world, have used 'dance,' as a practice of  
solo, or group 'flowing...' not, just as in the  
Eastern meaning, or in the Western,  
exclusively. In the Christian sense, I think  
this is most exemplified, in the practice of  
group singing... *and in moving along with  
the group, in song.* But, other systems may  
use other terms, but singing or chanting,  
otherwise moving in a concerted group, or  
dancing, is common to all peoples. *But, a  
bad flood, tends to affect neighbor, like  
neighbor... as in the flooding, to the North  
East, from our state, where so many*

*drowned, just yesterday.* Well, having this writing 'come through,' is no small feat, and, I think, signifies my good start to this audio book, part eight. *At least, I've gotten down the first few thoughts which have come to mind, this early August afternoon.* Well, all for now. I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

I would say that, staying sober is the one thing, today, that I'm most proud of, in my

life. *It is so good, to be able to include myself in the straight group, as clean and sober, and ready to be of any assistance, I can be.* This usually, for me, means, something like this writing I'm doing presently... I may not really feel like writing, this morning, but, at the same time, I'm not in any pain... so jotting down a few thoughts this morning is as easy as it's ever been. *Since yesterdays' writing, I feel like I have 'looked at,' my feelings, about how this year has gone... and given my best effort, at some good ideas... if my ideas are worth anything, you'll at least have this.* At any rate, you see, how

yesterdays writing solved my biggest problem, mainly, coming to terms with my feelings. This is an important thing to do, in emotionally working through, such traumatizing times, and events, as we've seen and red of, this year. And, if that's all I can claim, for today, then so be it. But, I can tell, this morning, I'm drawn back to my notebook, or word processor, time and again... in hopes of finding some 'secret key,' or 'ancient symbol.' And this is what keeps me going. At any rate, these are my thoughts, this partly sunny morning in early August. In any kind of journal ing, or writing of thoughts, *you should make sure,*

*that your writing is only helping, yourself,  
in a positive sense... not detracting, or  
diminishing your self value, in any way...  
or else, why would you want to write the  
thought, in the first place? At any rate, it's  
good to find these thoughts making good  
sense, and reading all right this morning.*

As our weather here is beautiful, I'm sitting  
out under a shaded area, and inputting  
these thoughts into my phone. Easy is  
hard. Bright is dimm. Up is down. Left is  
right. *If you're really living, in this land...  
if you're doing your life calling... you'll  
probably have to live in close proximity  
with your nemesis. And, that's not all.*

Most working people, today, have to spend their one or two off days running all around town, paying bills. If you don't think you'll look for an escape, of some kind, then you haven't thought. If you're really fortunate, in this world, you'll have a hobby, which you really enjoy. This will be your main interest... and best outlet, away from work.

*You see, then, you'll much rather build your hobby horse, than do some drug. Like*

*alcohol.* At any rate, these are some thoughts. Here's what I think it boils down

unto. I take the rudest, wildest assumptions, and suppositions... and send them along a more constructive path. *Most*

*of what we're given, here can be answered  
with careful examining of the logic we use.*

If you mull over a thing, like our usual  
sorts of 'people problems,' and  
disagreements with those others in our  
midst, you'll eventually see the light of it.

*Be sure and remind yourself, what your  
'top most' perspective would say... because,*

*he's really the one 'in the know.'* So,  
you've been round and round with some  
one, until it's hard to see the light of day...

just remind yourself of the honest truths,  
and simple realities... in writing... like,  
*'We're just a small group of people, in this  
house up here in the south end of the*



*Appalachians... so, we just had our work day, so now, rest... and, well just what could possibly be worth arguing about?'*

You'll see the answer right away... meal, and medicine, and all other considerations have been seen unto... so 'Just find something you can do, and get along!' For instance, these summer moods will all be improved, when these clouds, overhead presently, drop their precipitation!

*Imagine it, a rain would cool the land, and make the 'nature' very happy. And, it's just that 'top most,' perspective, which knows this to be true. We've got a winning combination, I would say... good*

Administrative, good Management, and good consumers. We've tolerated one another through years of time, thus far, we can do it some more. *And, the question, of Providence, is completely seen unto.* But, at any rate, I was just thinking how, the searching of ones soul, and 'racking my brains,' for the answer, is all answered by that inner knowing... that practical wisdom, of the soul 'in charge,' which tells us, '*We can get along... and we can be creative, too... no one can just 'break us up,' because we're so well put together.*' More or less. We all know what Mother Nature can do, but barring real trouble, the future looks

good. Well, I'm just enjoying the music coming from my cee dee optical data player, and I would say, 'If this music is homemade, it sure is good.' And just remember to put the 'wounded hero,' and 'victim mentality' away, by (therapeutically) reinforcing, in writing, what the most well adjusted perspective would say... the one, who already knows, *'I am completely whole and well already, and no special practice or agreement is required... the war is already won.'* He'll know, to 'begin now,' and list a few positive things about your self, and those about you, in writing... and let this positive affirmation, do the work.

*At any rate, times do get trying, the walking gets hard... when weather is brewing.* Because the potential energy of the conditions at play looks good, or less... as the case may be, or is ramping up. But, our summer rain weather, usually tends to dissipate, at sun set... and so night time storms, aren't usually much of a problem, but you can't rule them out completely. Anyway, sending this summers' day along, I retire, to get some sleep. I think it's still true, in my life... how, *there may not be anything greater than my own assumptions, and disbelief which controls the paths my life takes, today.* I think, part of me just

isn't in step with this kind of work... just, is everyone 'on board?' *Or are there 'mixed feelings?'* But, I know, good writing is within my reach... so it simply is a matter of *just 'doing it.'* If it's a matter of being relentless, in seeking out the right ideas, and word choices, then the work is as good as done. It's just mainly the slow, incremental writers voice... the 'inner self,' *(which we tend to ignore, most commonly...)* which can be written. *He will be progressing gradually, like the slow movement of a grandfather clock... just one click a minute.* But, this will be all the progress you need, to get along down the

page. The more I sit, and dwell on a thing, the larger, and more magnified it appears to grow, in my imagination. You might could call my approach to piano, and art, and writing minimalist... and this so that my playing, and sketching isn't too busy, or noisy, or chaotic. Because, the mind tends to magnify any flaws, or faults. And, I don't want that. At any rate, these have been a few thoughts, and I'm glad, now, to share them with my reader... *if only to confirm, in your mind the good natures, and sensibility of these ideas. I find, it's not always so much 'Who' wrote it, as 'When it was written.'* People just need,

and seek out new ideas. Well, that about covers it. Ill send this along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I myself am, agreeably, one of those, who, in order to emerge from the ignorance, and soul blindness of my own youth, came through the *voyage of individuation*, and so have seen both sides. *I've suffered fiercely with addiction and co dependency, and, I've been 'Saved, by Grace,' as well. And,*

due to this radical juxtaposition, in my living, parts of my life, are still 'in transition,' and as such, are just in Angels' hands. My philosophy tends to see our social welfare system as the 'catch all,' into which people are directed, when they demonstrate, their incompetence, and insist on, for instance, using, and abusing substances, such as narcotics, opiates, or alcohol, *or fail in living independently, for other reasons.* Some people fail to socialize well, or not at all... *and instead tend to want to just be alone with their thoughts, and therefore become depressed, and then drink or self medicate, to alleviate the*



*depression.* This is me, for instance. This way led me to serious self injury, not just once, but twice. *Due to this past, I've stayed in a group living arrangement, now for nineteen years. I've been very productive during this time. But, my years of writing, and music publishing, have made myself privy to an alien world.* These phenomena are something like 'musician stereotypes,' and tend to swirl around my third eye like the *'phantoms of a greater time, and world, one which often doesn't know quite might be transpiring,'* and therefore appear somewhat over bearing... like a large over expressions, or over

thinking of everything in the cognitive  
plaine. These 'musician stereo types,' or  
'ideo sink racies,' these alien phantasms,  
and shadowy forms, are seen dancing  
around the boundary, between the world  
below, and the world above. An Native  
American symbol, which I associate with  
these phenomena, is that of the Koko  
pelli... which is seen to dance, around the  
threshold between the worlds, and playing  
a flute. In music, or writing, or art... self  
expression of any kind, any new  
development comes about as easily as an  
act of Congress. Another writer has said,  
'resistance is proportional to the square of

the importance of what your talking about.'

Amateur artists, writers, and musicians often become indiscriminately, or inconsiderately maligned, or criti sised... or assessed, not for their good work, *but for the Byzantine side effects and spin offs, which are sometimes seen, at the mind brain junction.* This is why we should avoid, this stereo typing of people who, in truth have none of these personality attributes, and who are solely given to receiving and producing only in the context of the 'trusted familiar,' or the 'universal familiar,' who works only within a closely nuanced subtle receptivity, as in a Higher

Power. *Getting everyone 'upon the same page,' might not be any harder to do than 'homonegized milk.'* All you need is to *develop the right processes, and technology.* You see, but many of us, tend to be vicarious observers upon and into the lives of others in their midst. The question is, not 'Who are you?' but 'Who am I?' Is my receiving, and subtle discerning worth the price of my own negative critical thinking, and my arrogance? *So, like it or not, asking ones' self this question, becomes a part of any new development.* But, ones creativity, and life force might not compare well, with the mental

phantasms of a time in Earths history, in which change isn't the exception, but the rule! Making new media exist, in the twenty first century, is easier than it has ever been, thanks to our digital sampling amenities, and work stations... *but in other ways we have a superstitious aversion, unto the subconscious daemons, which we have to deal with, daily, in creating new literature, and media...* and many have lost out, on the 'Blessings of Liberty,' and have fallen astray, due partly to these frightening tendencies, and apparitions. We can go, and advance, *but we'll have to see and deal with these denizens, any time change, (even*

*that of self creation,)* is afoot. This is usually, but not always the result of changing weather, in our Earth's atmospheric environs. *There are many other inter planetary and inter stellar weathers which Earth might, at some time be subjected unto, or have to deal with, in the picture, like asteroids, and cosmic rays, not to mention our own Suns' weather.* You see? And of course the ground beneath our feet sometimes moves, and there are many sorts of size miss itty, and shifting, or fissure ing of the human grounds, as this sometimes happens in other ways, than just geologic, or metero logic. Well, these are

just some ideas. *On a day like today, when the wolves seem to be pacing around like caged animals, I definitely appreciate my writing craft... as, sitting at my notebook, or word processor is nearly complete antidote, to these antics.* I'll always be a believer, in this good written word. And, I've always known how, 'No situation is immutable.' I have used this to free myself from many tight spots. At any rate, All for now, Greg.

~

Well, as I sit to write a few thoughts... to see, if there might be anything beneath the surfaces, of my mind, this afternoon... to somehow make sense, of the dia phren us wisps of thought, which I can see, from where I'm sitting, presently... *I guess, that, gratitude, is my attitude... for having been shown another week... and for the blessings just ahead.* When I stop and think, I definitely would say, that this past week has been better than most... *I would say, that the good work, I was given to do*



*was easier than usual, and, most  
fortunately, the time period was fairly  
pleasant.* But, on the other hand, I've seen  
the way, that good sometimes goes very  
bad, as well. This is why I am going to my  
word processor, right now... *partly, to sort  
through the mixed emotions, which I know  
are at play.* For starters, you should see,  
the way that, spirituality and inn eebrients  
are a bad mix. Of course, there are those  
who failed to notice, these things... and are  
still joking, and playing around with  
alcohol... and the notion, that the 'spirit  
world' is easy here. **You see, this is a  
complicated matter... for, can't you see,**

**that the sinister forces, are afoot?** After the past twenty years... and after what we've seen... do you really think, that evil is just going to take a holiday? Look at it like this. On an ordinary day, life in the twenty first century... even in America... amounts unto something like a stale mate. This is just my guess... using alcohol, and opiates are something like, handing death a blank check, and saying, 'Go have a good time, at my expense.' You'll lose more ground, in your life journey, on that night, than you can make up in a decade. *You might even die!* Well, while you're messing around, and killing your brain cells, I'm

going to be staying closely posted, on the  
state of things... and keeping my best  
guidance closely at hand. If you're awake  
unto the spirit presences, around your life...  
if you've found how to receptively  
attenuate with the subtlest zephyr of  
inspiration... and you can't see, the divinity  
of pure living, and staying clean... if you  
think that the Church people are just  
kidding... and that you can just take a  
plunge, into death, and not get hurt... *then I  
urge you to take your own enlightenment,  
and the spirit presences, much more  
seriously.* As Theosophy is very good, and  
is an awesome power, *to practice such*

*greatness seems to ask sobriety and cleanliness of us. Evil is trying to steal our minds, at all times, so you should know, how the 'drinking crowd,' aren't even in the same part of the universe, as the Theosophy people... so you can't, ever use them as your model, or think that you can just get away with dabbling in death, and self destruction. This is an illusion, how the spiritual people do 'moderate' drinking... because, they don't. Alcohol and opiates both epitomize 'quick, accelerated death,' and unless this notion sounds appealing to yourself, then better avoid them both.*

There's a popular saying, which goes like,

*'Don't become my enemy, by using that hypocrisy.'* But the situation is somewhat serious. *If there's one thing my years of sobriety have shown me, it's that alcohol is a big taboo.* Now let me get this straight.

How crazy is it, when spiritual music is played where people consume alcohol. (So just be sure and don't diss the drinkers.

Because the beverage counter depends upon their business.) This, is what makes my life so interesting.. But, that's life in the music arts. So go figure. At any rate, these are just my thoughts, this first week in August. *Which direction does weather usually travel in my land? As a child, I*

*never really noticed... But now I'm grown,  
and, who could ignore the weather? This  
is the same as in any thirty or more years  
of time passage... there's a lot learned, and  
more concerns with one's own mortality, as  
we age... I just don't think that twenty five  
year olds are necessarily wise to the  
weather... or which direction it commonly  
travels... such a big force, to just ignore...  
weather wise... this would be an advanced  
young man, or woman, indeed. Any given  
year, we grown people are just praying to  
be spared the winds, floods, and fires... so  
young people should be informed how life  
in Earth, nature, wouldn't dream of*

*intentionally dulling the senses... That's just unthinkable.* Because it's a survival thing. The group home perspective can't very well speak like this unto people in the world, immersed in all those pressures and temptations. *Then, why am I writing?* **To reinforce belief in the sober spiritual life!** We're way out ahead. *Having good support team, though, is crucial.* Well, I hope you see, now, better, where I stand. I hope this reading finds you well. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to write out a few thoughts, this mid August morning, I'm reflecting over what's been a good telling... *the writing of this twenty twenty two book*. While I have found many interesting topics, that tended to 'write themselves,' much of what I've found, has been acquired only painstakingly... many of the ideas having been 'hard won,' and, only seen, and written as results of mentally brain storming, and wrestling with ideas... venturing into new intellectual lands, with every step... and finding the right language, to say the right



thing, only with great effort, and patience.

So, these victories have been hard won...  
practically etching new circuits, and ways  
of thinking, and giving voice unto self  
empowerment, *when I might be more  
naturally inclined to sink into depression.*

So, writing thoughts out, in this way, is  
therapeutic... twenty five years ago, I  
would have missed these trains, entirely...  
had to walk, and self medicate, to gain any  
vision, what so ever. ***But, Heaven doesn't  
serve nature, but goes by spiritual  
principles of truth and organization.*** I

was about thirty five years old, when I  
really first sought to apply hierarch ee all

organization principles unto my own work... *keeping an 'Introspection Archive' was, I saw, the way, for myself to order, and structure the folders on my computer...* with audio work going in one place, video in another, and text documents in a third. Scanned art projects, and other photographs went into their own folder, as well. The idea here, is that, when spirit consciousness enters your life, and times, you'll begin to see all within your creative life, as making up a real kind of 'heavenly sanctuary,' or library, *and, each room, each shelf, or drawer, will have it's own special contents, based on the methods of organization*

*you're using.* At any rate, life's unique circumstances may have us to, at once, focus upon our past... at another time, to consider our thriving, and ongoing, in this very present. ***If there's one main concept, in doing creative arts, it's this: Only that work done in a gentle spirit of innocence, and right mind full ness will possess the graces needed to gain entrance into Heaven.*** There's a lot of good here, I can see, this hazy summery Saturday, but, to be truthful, rising above the self criticism, and self doubting of my own sinful natures... resting only in the trusted familiar, who, I know, can see the 'bigger

picture,' the encompassing time, and day...  
*this is the challenge at hand.* At any rate,  
when someone asks of me, 'Why, did you  
write this?' or 'Why is your style like that?'

I tend to say, 'I became conscious of my  
thoughts, shaping, and hammering new  
ideas into form, in my cognitive area.' '*I  
write, or play music, or create art in any  
way, mainly when the inner experience is  
such that, I feel I must get it down onto  
lasting media, or else loose an important  
part of what the encompassing time, or the  
vision I see upon the surface of the  
collective waters, contains within it.*' You  
see, an art of the metaphysical, will almost

always be given, only in response unto inner experiences. In most circumstances, ones' inner experiences aren't given to hurt, him or herself... *but mainly to 'fill in,' the missing 'past present future,' details, about the present flowing of time.* You'll see, if you'll let the experience, itself, 'take the reins,' so to speak, you come away from the experience, *with something uniquely pertinent, or even revelatory, to show for the time.* But. It's a given, how, 'People aren't perfect,' and are subject to many, many factors... including those of substances we put in our body... behaviors we keep doing, even when we know they are wrong...

images we expose ourselves unto... *even music cee dees, and video discs which we trade our money, or time for, can exert huge influence, and have force in, for example, the intoxicated persons mind...*

you could really take a tremendous set back, with the wrong combination, of media stress, *and inee bree ants, like alcohol, or opiates.* So, why am I writing these things now? When my reader should already know, these to be, as they are some 'facts of life.' Free media, taken from the internet environment, is not given with any express guarantees... it is given 'As is...' the downloader assumes the risk. 'Buyer

beware.' At any rate, we write, as our inner experiences lead us to write. *It's just that, the scales become badly imbalanced, when our waking lives are consumed in sins of the flesh... these will be habits, or fetishes, or licentious behavior, which the immortal spirit beings, then, will always place blame upon ourselves, and accuse us for.* You see

the difference, between fleshly, and immortal? All habits, are fleshly... as is doping up on substances... and wasting your divine potentialities, *and the potentials of every new moment... on 'cheap talk, and wine.'* This is just where I always get into trouble... as, there are

ancestral, genetic factors from both of my  
parents background, which tend to make  
me 'habit prone,' *even unto obsessive  
compulsive habits...* and I spent nearly an  
entire decade of my life awash in alcohol,  
and other inebriants... in dealing with  
my own wanderlust, and my own need to  
self medicate, and 'Find out first hand.'

Well, I hope you find this writing, and will  
be ready to face the challenges, and make  
the right choices, should the circumstances  
develop. *You've just got to keep your  
sobriety, and your sanity... or else life itself  
will push you out of existence.* All for now.

I'll send this along your way now. Greg.



~

My idea for a new article, is to use 'thought jazz,' in written fashion, to somehow approach the 'ideas of the day,' and to make some good contribution to the intellectual discussion at hand. When one awaits for subtlest of guidance, he or she will know, more or less, the moment to begin... for the spirit will be willing. **If something doesn't come as easily as 'leaves on a**

**tree,' it had better not come at all. At**

any rate, I sit on this couch, at midday morning, today, and peer inwardly. *Going by my latest guidance, I remember to allow the lateral 'breathing,' which helps prevent most neural tensions.* The solution, the key, the answer is light... not heavy. I wonder, sometimes, how I'll make it through the 'eye of the needle...' into the Kingdom of Heaven. *But, the best I can see, our life paths, are usually chosen with our 'precision guidance,' and our courses will go where we want them to, at any given time.* Our ways are quite never 'haphazard.' Except in unusual

circumstances. There is a gentle breeze blowing, under this hazy sky, this midd day Monday. How nice it is, to just, more or less, *set a course and go...* free from fretting, and indecision. As most of our choices, are already made for ourselves, we're given some freedom of movement. But these interior choices, as one notices them, make up a genuine freedom of choice... *enough, for plenty of contentment and happiness.* Seeing these words go onto these pages, now, I remind myself, the way of how, with the passage of time, and the golden patina of the years, this maybe, limited imaginary vision, this morning,

*indeed amounts unto so much more, than just this surface level.* And this way of seeing, had to be learned, and acquired only over time. Now, I know, that anytime when my word processor is upon my lap, I'm allowed, no less... *a vast array of freedoms, and choices... in the context of the written word.* If everyone could see this simple majesty, surely, there would be so much more contentment... and so much less complaining! So, this life, and writing path, of mine, has indeed made me happy, and contented; *I couldn't ask for much more.* At any rate, I sit and write these thoughts. What is the secret to raising well

adjusted kids? I think, it boils down unto,  
real books, and plenty of reading  
encouragement. For, how else will a youth  
see the unlimited possibilities, in every  
new moment? *Some will say, that the same  
results can be achieved with computers,  
and the internet... but, there's nothing else,  
in Earth, like the peaceful, peace loving  
mind of a true reader.* When we're reading,  
several things are happening,  
simultaneously. *(When we're browsing the  
internet, several things are happening, as  
well, but they're not so 'within the mind,' as  
with reading.)* First, reading broadens the  
working vocabulary. Not to mention, the

great expansion, in the vocabulary, and vision, of possible life settings, situations, and events, and outcomes... *narratives, and fictions of all sorts are contained within any novel.* As a child reads, he or she learns how, *'Without going out of my doorway, I can learn of all under the heavens.'* So, and there's this sense, I have, of how, *'If I want good outcomes, in my life, there's no one else to accomplish this, for me... only one, myself.'* *In other words, there's this fully empowered sense, that 'I myself control my own destiny,' not any outside entities, or forces.* *'If I want a better life for myself, it remains only for*

me to find, and build it, *using the resources at hand, and my acquired skills.*' Does this sense, seem to grow displaced, as we are relying upon network services, like distant computers, or servers, in another part of ones state? Well, I grew up relying upon the utilities which my house was connected unto... water, electricity, and so forth... *I relied on all of these small accomplishments happening and coming through, on each day of my life... these utilities.* I still do. Without them, I would have to procure these things myself. The point I'm making, is that, today's kids, take computers and the internet for granted, in

the same way... *just as appliances,*  
*services, and utilities that are necessary*  
*for our American lives to be successful,*  
*and happy.* So, modern kids may be  
somewhat 'fly by wire,' but aren't we all?  
The other thing about real books, which I  
can see, and remember, is how, kids will be  
cultivating 'childhood reveries,' in between  
the lines of every book they read. *This*  
*will, in turn, make for a stable,*  
*comfortable, at ease natural resting state.*  
He or she, then won't have attention deficit  
disorder, much, *because he will be*  
*familiar with long days, and nights,*  
*reading all the way through great books...*



*this will be a central part of his*  
*foundational legacy.* So, without the  
frantic worries, of an information society,  
like the internet... when there's the  
guaranteed surety, that 'If I continue  
reading, I'll get this whole story, and finish  
my book.' He or she will be more self  
contained, and contented within himself or  
herself. ***All he will need will be a book!***  
And, then, the crowning achievement, of a  
life of reading.... *becoming a writer*  
*yourself*... using your vast knowledge of  
scenes, characters, narrative story lines...  
and having all of these writing styles,  
beneath your fingers, it won't be hard, for

you to, yourself, write a great book, or journal. *Just learn to type!* But, growing up with computers, and the internet, one tends to be proficient at several computer languages, and coding will be as natural as reading. So, you see, each way has it's pluses and its minuses. *I myself try and talk about things that I know, so that's books, periodicals, educational toys, hiking, camping, and cycling.* You see, computers weren't introduced until age twenty six. So, this came after, most of my formative years, and experiences. At any rate, as a life long reader, of real books... I tended to see, upon being socialized,

spiritually, my mind, and collective unconscious, at the Gaia level, as being something like a '*Great Computer*.' The Akashic Records are, to me, the universes' hard drive... and keep tabs on all... all... human actions, and interactions, and on going... so, naturally, I'm not so inclined to use social media, like the networking platforms, instead seeing 'mental telepathy,' and 'telepathic love,' as making up the 'spirit web,' of intelligence, which encompass and under lie all life, here on Earth. *Why use Facebook, when you get the same thing, just by thinking?* But, I guess, in a way, we can find shelter, from

the omniscience, and paranoia of spirit consciousness, and intelligence, in getting ourselves somewhat involved in digital media development... and the types of transactions, which my readers and listeners enjoy, are mainly anonymous... *so if you like collecting free digital media, you're in luck!* At any rate, just some thoughts, this afternoon. I hope you see, how, all ways are good, and, *'If it makes you happy, then, it's probably not that bad!'* Any way, I hope you are well, and I'll finish this article, and place it with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

In concluding this tenth batch, of books and compiled articles, since nineteen ninety six, this **Musings: Woodland Meadow**, I'm going to give a brief retrospective. The first set, otherwise known as 'Early Works,' orbited around a set of thirty two short poetic pieces, which came in the form of *'Automatic Writing,' or 'Psychic Automatism.'* These early pieces, written ahead of a difficult time, and serious self injury, I sustained in the winter of ninety

seven, are some of my best, *and symbolize, for myself my metaphoric 'growing up,' out of my terrible twos, you might say...* out of my immature twenties decade, into the more self responsible, and true heart ed grown adult. This period saw its ending, in Autumn of two thousand and three, with my second serious self injury, *from which I nearly died.* These types of life situations, and times, are just about nearly unspeakable, but, as *understanding of suicide is limited so very many young lives become swamped in past life experiences, and get altogether lost in sigh kick phenomena, and trauma... not socializing*

*well, most of these suicides are successful, and end in death.* For myself, after two thousand and three, I remained in group home living arrangements, and suffered no further self injuries. The writings from this period began with the two thousand and four to two thousand and seven period books... both successful versions of this three part, three hour program, can be found online. *In a way, these essays, from this period, were a kind of my 'saying fare well,' unto the unhealthy patterns, and abuses of my youth.* The topics stayed around Gaia consciousness, and ecological values, accompanied by my electronic

symphonic piano and synthesizer, with the

*'dynamic arc mow teef,'* figuring prominently. These two versions of this audio book, a soft ambient one, and a heavier one, remind me, still, of my most grounded, and redeemed spiritual values...

*In my mind, I was finished with the indiscretions of youth, and proceeded into a more mature life and time.* This period was followed by my two thousand and eight book, otherwise known as 'Earth Changes.' In this two hour listen, you'll hear of my deepening Gaia consciousness, and of my learning of the many practical view points which Eco centric conscious



tends to sponsor. I began, in this book, to examine the problems of the many kinds of size mick instabilities, and fissure ing which are found in just all of the human, and natural realms... and I began learning to articulate in writing the stress ors, of the kind of pre sentience, or fore sensing, of any kind of seismic change. *It was during the writing of this 'Earth Changes' book that I first was acquainted with the long form audio format... and began using my text reading software, and recording it in action, to make set audio book chapters.* Following this time, of two thousand and eight, there was a world financial crisis,

and I was somewhat relieved, to have found such audio book format, *and flung myself whole hearted lee into its exploration.* I didn't worry much about the economy. The first book, of this period, was the first Musings book, the two thousand and nine, to two thousand and ten books. *This was kind of a watershed time, for my creativity, as I used the music of myself and others playing together, from back in my home town... making use of this good material, was such a relief, and I'm glad to have this set, as my best implementation of this media.* Following this book, came the Musings two thousand

eleven to two thousand and twelve audio book. This was the last work, of mine, to incorporate the millennial music we had recorded, and it was during this period, in chapter two, of this work, that there was a bad tornado outbreak, in my region, and hundreds and hundreds of people died.

*Recovery, for myself, after this, was difficult.* But, the period came to an end with the end of two thousand and twelve, *and the resetting of the Mayan long count calendar baktun, starting a new cycle, supposedly.* The next book period, for myself, was the two thousand thirteen to two thousand fourteen work. This

employed only natural musics I found in the back yard of the house where I lived...

*no organized music was used.* I've often

thought how proud I felt, during this period, to have my writers wingspan fully

extended, *and making such graceful*

*figures, in the collective soul... the*

*collective mind of mankind.* After this successful project, came the two thousand

and fifteen to two thousand seventeen

book. This was a fairly hard project to write, as the time was somewhat thornier

than any previous. I was able to use all original, latter day music, which had been

recorded from since twenty twelve, unto

twenty sixteen, and so my results were somewhat more exultant, though more examined, *but I remain quite happy with my results.* At the end of this period, in twenty seventeen, I learned that I had intestinal cancer, and had to have a short segment of large intestine removed. The surgery was successful, and no detectable cancer remained. *This period saw my three year sabbatical, of sorts, within which I rested, and recorded the solo piano... and continue still.* The following periods' work, was the twenty twenty to twenty twenty one book. This time period saw the coming of a global pandemic, and for

various other reasons, in twenty twenty one we lost our main benefactors, whose land our house was on. The ownership went, to the children of the parents who remained, *and I began the next work, I called the twenty twenty two book.* Only upon gradually completing it, in Autumn of twenty twenty two, did I decide to change the title to, *'Musings: 'The Woodland Meadow,'* which is the work you have presently. *I have enjoyed writing this, and, while, as I mentioned, much of it was hard won, and only painstakingly acquired, the music I feel, is the best so far, and my mind and spirit have really practically*

*'colonized other planets,' in terms of  
broadening my understanding... and my  
experience, while a bit troubled, was good.*

An eight hour audio book, made in one  
year, is alot for myself, and I am proud to  
at last have this finished project, and  
expect more in the future. ***With gratitude  
and respect, I send it along your way,  
now.*** All for now, Greg.













































































